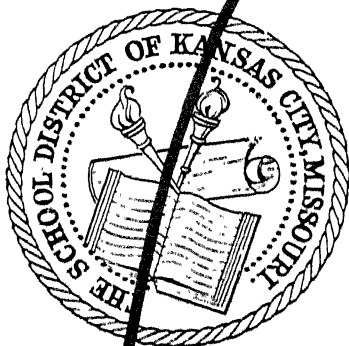


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"Legere sine calamo est dormire."

QUINTILIAN.

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DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER

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# PREFACE.

---

THERE exists a species of mental epicurism, the votaries of which roam through the rich fields of literature selecting intellectual tidbits adapted to the peculiar tastes of each. To such men the works of standard authors, like the viands at a feast, are relished not because of their quantity or solidity, but owing to their adaptation, either in their preparation or in the material itself, to the appetite and taste of the individual.

These intellectual Bohemians skim rapidly over the pages of literature, and provided with a *βασανος* or touchstone, rendered more or less perfect by use or innate power, they momentarily pause here and there, and draw inspiration from some grand idea that juts out from the superficial area they traverse. Their power consists in analysis rather than in synthesis; they compile, but do not originate; they are imitators, not creators.

Like the majority of American travelers on the Continent, who preserve the recollection of the principal objects of interest alone in the many cities and towns of note they have visited, so these erratic idea-seekers, *currente calamo*, jot down in their mental sketch-books only the grand, original thoughts which stand forth in bold relief from the pages of literature.

The world of thought is so large, and the span of human life is so brief, that it is impossible for one man to be profound on many subjects, or to be thoroughly conversant with the writings of many authors.

In the extracts from prominent authors of every age and nation which the compiler of the following work offers to the public, he has deviated from the usual plan adopted by others, of introducing a dictionary of quotations arranged in alphabetical order, and has selected from his "Index Rerum," prepared during his collegiate and early professional life, quotations upon eight topics of universal interest, which appeal most strongly to the emotional element in man.

He has chosen the themes of Youth, Beauty, Love, Marriage, Man, Woman, Age and Death, and believes the reader can trace through the quotations presented the strong, earnest pulsations of the hearts of the great men who poured forth their souls through such media.

It has been the object of the compiler to search for and collate original ideas, couched in brief, forcible language, in the books he has read, rather than for beauty of expression and metrical euphony, attractive as these may be.

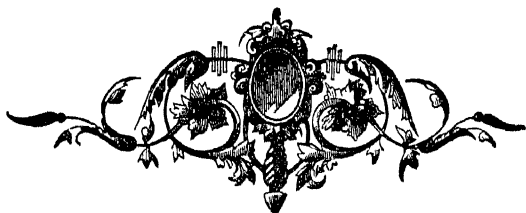
That the pleasure derived from the perusal may equal that resulting from the preparation of the work, is the earnest wish of

THE COMPILER.

YOUTH.

(7)





## YOUTH.

---

A LOVELY being scarcely formed or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

*Byron.*

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover and find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

*Bulwer's "Maltravers."*

The fresh and buoyant sense of being  
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,  
Itself a star not borrowing light,  
But in its own glad essence bright.

*Moore.*

In girls we love what they are ; in lads what they promise.

*Goethe.*



Youth is perpetual intoxication; 'tis the fever of reason.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

What in our view marks the full development of manhood, and dissevers it totally from the states of boyhood and youth, is a sustained self-mastery. When the energies are not the slaves of excitement; when the fiery impatience of occasional effort has become the perseverant energy of continued work; when the powers are ranged in ordered submission under the will; when the motives are not the faint wavering fatui or meteors of the hour, but the guiding principle of the life is clearly ascertained and resolutely adhered to,—then the boy has passed into the man.

*Bayne.*

The clue of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot.

How infinite the wealth of love and hope  
Garnered in these same tiny treasure-houses !

Another little wave upon the sea of life,  
Another soul to save amid its toil and strife;  
Two more little feet to walk the dusty road,  
To choose where two paths meet—the narrow and the  
broad ;

Two more little hands to work for good or ill ;  
Two more little eyes, another little will ;  
Another heart to love, receiving love again ;  
And so the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

The smallest child is nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

*Jean Paul.*

A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.

*Tupper.*

A babe is a mother's anchor.

*Beecher*

Did you ever see our baby?—Little Tot,  
With her eyes so sparkling bright,  
And her skin so lily white,  
Lips and cheeks of rosy light. Tell you what,  
She is just the sweetest baby in the lot.

*Mrs. Gage.*

It was a peculiarity of this baby to be always cutting  
teeth.

*Dickens.*

Banish the tears of children; continual rains upon the  
blossoms are hurtful.

*Jean Paul.*

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

When yet was ever found a mother  
Who'd give her booby for another?

*Gay.*

Then said the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield :  
“Come with it when the battle's done,  
Or on it from the field.”

*R. Montgomery.*

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

*Shakspeare.*

Those that do teach young babes,  
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.  
*Shakspeare.*

What gift has Providence bestowed on a man that is so  
dear to him as his children?

*Cicero.*

The child is father to the man.  
*Wordsworth.*

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the  
day.

*Milton.*

In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there  
is always a fibre of memory which can be touched to  
gentle issues.

The boy carried in his face the open-sesame to every  
door and heart.

I hold it a religious duty  
To love and worship children's beauty.  
They've least the taint of earthly clod,  
They're freshest from the hand of God.  
*Campbe."*

Children are uncertain comforts: when little, they  
make parents fools; when great, mad.

Children blessings seem, but torments are;  
When young our folly, and when old our fear.  
*Otway.*

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.  
*Wordsworth*

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

*Thomson.*

Slow pass our days in childhood ;  
 Every day seems a century.

*Bryant.*

I would not waste my spring of youth  
 In idle dalliance : I would plant rich seeds,  
 To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit when I am  
 old.

*Hillhouse.*

It is not the young who degenerate ; they are not spoilt  
 till those of maturer age are already sunk into corrup-  
 tion.

*Montesquieu.*

Be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure  
 of capacity.

Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy  
 illustration winneth him.

*Trapper*

Oh grief beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it loved to live or feared to die !  
 Lone as the hung-up lute, which ne'er hath spoken  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken.

*Moore.*

Secrets with girls, like guns with boys,  
Are never valued till they make a noise.

*Crabbe.*

'Tis the work  
Of many a dark hour, many a prayer,  
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.

*Willis.*

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most  
powerful charm of her beauty.

I've invited pretty boys,  
Rosy-cheeked young misses—  
Simple things, that scarcely know  
What cunning things are kisses.

*Goethe.*

It is less vain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

*Solom.*

The fate of the child is always the work of his mother.

*Napoleon.*

The passions are not stronger in youth, but our control  
over them is weaker. They are more easily excited,  
more violent and apparent, but have less energy, less  
durability, less intense and concentrated power, than in  
maturer life. In youth passion succeeds to passion, and  
one breaks upon the other like waves on a rock, till the  
heart frets itself to repose.

*Bulwer.*

The young and pure reject satire, and they do well to  
reject it, for satire is the disease of art.

*Dixon.*

Satiety of the past is our best safeguard, and the perils of youth are over when it has acquired that dullness and apathy of affection, which should belong only to the insensibility of age.

*Bulwer.*

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail.

*Bulwer.*

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.

*Shakspeare.*

There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain,  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

*Stoddara.*

People generally are what they are made by education and company between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

*Chesterfield.*

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

How changingly for ever veers  
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears !  
Ev'n as in April the light vane  
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.

*Moore.*

In general, a man in his younger years does not easily cast off a certain complacent self-conceit, which principally shows itself in despising what he has himself been a little time before.

*Goethe.*

Be affable and courteous in youth, that  
You may be honored in age.

*Lilly.*

Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,  
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.

*Denham.*

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts—old age  
is slow in both.

*Addison.*

Oh the joy  
Of young ideas painted on the mind,  
In the warm, glowing colors Fancy spreads  
On objects not yet known, when all is new

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever.

*Keats.*

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart

*Rogers.*

Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.

*Byron.*

An angel face ; its sunny wealth of hair  
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat  
And dimpled shoulders ; round the rosy curve  
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering ever ;  
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed  
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world  
Of eloquent meaning, passionate but pure,  
Dreamy, subdued, but oh, how beautiful !

*Mrs. Osgood.*

# BEAUTY.

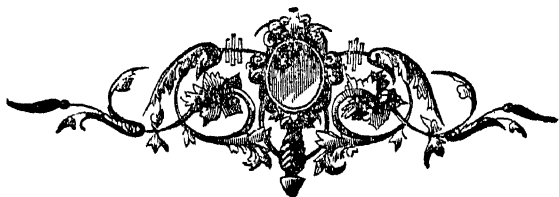
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## BEAUTY.

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*Mrs. Osgood.*  
19

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.

That loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth, as it flies  
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes.

*Moore.*

Beauty has little to do with engaging the love of woman. The air, manner, tone, the conversation, the something that interests, the something to be proud of,—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved.

*Bulwer.*

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?  
Blessed with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease;  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;  
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

*Churchill.*

Men gaze on beauty for a while,  
Allured by artificial smile,  
But Love shall never twang his dart  
From any string that's formed by art.

*Paulding.*

When Beauty triumphs, ah, beware!  
Her smile is hope, her frown despair.

*Weeks.*

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,  
Of finer form or lovelier face.

*Scott.*

If spirits pure as those who kneel  
 Around the throne of light above,  
 The power of beauty's spell could feel,  
 And lose a heaven for woman's love,  
 What marvel that a heart like mine  
 Enraptured by thy charms should be,  
 Forget to bend at glory's shrine,  
 And love itself—ay, heaven—for thee?

Beauty and love—their emblems are flowers,  
 Their date of existence is numbered by hours.

Beauty is a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour;  
 And beauty, blemished once, for ever's lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

*Shakespeare.*

Beauty, thou dear plaything, dear deceit!  
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before.

*Blair.*

The fair sex should be always fair, and no man  
 Till thirty should perceive there's a plain woman.

*Byron.*

What is beauty? Not the show  
 Of shapely limbs and features. No!  
 These are but flowers, that have their dated hours  
 To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.  
 'Tis the stainless soul within,  
 That outshines the fairest skin.

*Hunt.*

All orators are dumb when Beauty pleadeth.

*Shakspeare.*

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire, of beauty.

*Steele.*

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eyelash dark and downcast eye.  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

*Scott.*

She looks as clear  
As morning roses, newly wet with dew.

*Shakspeare.*

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorned, adorned the most.

*Shakspeare.*

Oh, how I grudge the grave this heavenly form !  
Thy beauties will inspire the arms of Death,  
And warm the pale, cold tyrant into life.

*Southey.*

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny ; Plato termed it a privilege of Nature ; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice ; Carneades, a solitary kingdom ; Homer, a glorious gift of Nature ; while Ovid styled it the gift of the gods.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.

*Virgil.*

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Beauty without virtue is a flower without perfume.

Mark the majestic fabric ! She's a temple,  
Sacred by birth and built by hands divine ;  
Her soul's the deity that lodges there,  
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

*Dryden.*

Oh, she is all perfections,  
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair,  
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious.

*Lee.*

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
In her armor of glances and blushes and sighs ?  
And when wit and refinement have polished her darts,  
They dazzle our eyes, as they fly to our hearts.

*Burns.*

All beaming with light as those young features are,  
There's a light round thy heart that is lovelier far.  
It is not that cheek ; 'tis the soul dawning clear  
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear,  
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,  
Is looked up to the more because heaven is there.

*Moore.*

Beauty is a beam from heaven,  
That dazzles blind our reason.

*Campbell.*

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

*Campbell.*

BEAUTY.

Oh, she has beauty might ensnare  
A conqueror's soul, and make him leave his crown  
At random, to be scuffled for by slaves.

*Stuay*

I dearly love a changing cheek,  
That glows or pales as feeling chooses,  
And lets the free heart frankly speak  
Upon it what the tongue refuses.  
Mere eloquent blushes burn and fade,  
Rich with the wealth of warm emotion,  
Or starry dimples mock the shade,  
Like jewels in a restless ocean.

*Mrs. Osgood*

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?  
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye  
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

*Campbell.*

Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
Gave motion airy as the dancing spray;  
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled the soul  
was lost,  
And then her look! Oh, where's the heart so wise  
Could, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?  
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels just before their fall.

*Moore.*

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,  
 Sweet petitioner for kisses ;  
 Rosy nest, where lurks persuasion,  
 Meekly courting Love's invasion.  
 Next beneath the velvet chin,  
 Whose dimple hides a love within,  
 Mould her neck, with grace descending ;  
 While countless charms, above, below,  
 Sport and flutter round its snow.

*Campbell.*

I've known, if mortal ever knew, the spells of Beauty's  
 thrall,  
 And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt them  
 all ;  
 But passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's win-  
 ning sway  
 Is now to me a star that's fallen, a dream that's pass'd  
 away.

*Campbell.*

She ceased, and turned upon her pillow ; pale  
 She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,  
 Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil  
 Waved and o'ershading her warm cheek, appears  
 Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,  
 To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears  
 Its snow through all ; her soft lips lie apart,  
 And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

*Byron*

Playful blushes, that seem naught  
 But luminous escapes of thought.

*Moore*



'Tis not the fairest form that holds  
The mildest, purest soul within ;  
'Tis not the richest plant that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

*Donnes.*

Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
That one might almost say her body thought.

*Donne.*

Naught under heaven so strongly doth allure  
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,  
As Beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure  
Great warriors oft their rigor to repress,  
And mighty hands forget their manliness,  
Drawn with the power of a heart-robbing eye,  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,  
That can with melting pleasure mollify  
Their hardened hearts, enured to blood and cruelty.

*Spenser.*

A great care to keep it, a short space to enjoy it,  
A sudden time to lose it.

*Lilly.*

What greater torment ever could have been  
Than to enforce the fair to live retired ?  
For what is beauty if it be not seen ?  
Or what is't to be seen if not admired ?

*Daniel.*

So fair that had you Beauty's picture took,  
It must like her, or not like Beauty, look.

*Aleyn.*

Beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
*Shakspeare.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
*Shakspeare.*

Beauty is Nature's coin—must not be hoarded,  
But must be current ; and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself.  
*Milton.*

Women never allow beauty in a face that has an odd-  
looking bonnet over it.  
*Buhner.*

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
*Milton.*

O fatal beauty ! why art thou bestowed  
On hapless woman still to make her wretched ?  
Betrayed by thee, how many are undone !  
*Patterson.*

Give me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace—  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art,  
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.  
*Ben Jonson.*

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,  
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand—by Love  
Himself in love.

*Dryden.*

Her form was fresher than the morning rose  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure  
As is the lily or the mountain snow.

*Thomson.*

Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

*Pope*

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fullness.

*Byron*

Such harmony in motion, speech and air,  
That without fairness, she was more than fair.

*Crabbe*

Thus Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright and wing as wild ;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

*Byron.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole ;  
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul !

*Byron.*

She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight,  
And rose where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning star of memory.

*Byron*

Alone and dewy, coldly pure, and pale  
As weeping Beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale.

*Byron.*

Beauty, thou art twice blessed : thou blessest the gazer  
and the possessor. A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an  
affectionate nature will speak in the eyes, the lips, the  
brow, and become the cause of beauty.

*Bulwer.*

She was like  
A dream of poetry, that may not be  
Written or told—exceeding beautiful.

*Willis.*

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess  
The might, the majesty of loveliness ?

*Byron.*

Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

*Byron.*

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty ;  
And by that love they are redeemable ;  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,  
And good is God.

*Bailey.*

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow ;  
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,  
As if her veins ran lightning.

*Byron.*

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me ;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip  
But where my own did hope to sip.

*Sheridan.*

The beautiful are never desolate ;  
But some one always loves them.

*Bailey.*

Thou art beautiful, young lady ;  
But I need not tell you this ;  
For few have borne unconsciously  
The spell of loveliness.

*Whittier.*

Beauty gives  
The features perfectness, and to the form  
Its delicate proportions, yet one glance of intellect,  
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

*Willis.*

She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond  
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond.

Those eyes alone are beautiful which are luminous,  
and not sparkling.

*Longfellow.*

Beauty has gone, but yet her mind is still  
As beautiful as ever ; still the play  
Of light around the lips has every charm  
Of childhood in its freshness.

*Percival.*

Give me the eloquent cheek  
Where blushes burn and die ;  
Like thine its changes speak  
The spirit's purity.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

In her chin is a delicate dimple,  
By Cupid's own fingers impressed ;  
There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,  
Has chosen her innocent nest.

*Moore.*

Those eyes, whose light seemed rather given  
To be adored than to adore ;  
Such eyes as may have looked from heaven,  
But ne'er were raised to it before.

*Byron.*

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent ; a kind eye  
makes contradiction an assent ; an enraged eye makes  
beauty deformed.

*Addison.*

Where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

*Shakspeare.*

The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

*Byron*

One of the most wonderful things in Nature is a glance ; it transcends speech, it is the bodily symbol of identity.

*Emerson.*

A holiness in those dark eyes,  
Which showed, though wandering earthward now,  
Her spirit's home was in the skies.

*Moore.*

If eyes like thine can falsely shine,  
I'll cease to look for truth on earth,  
If lips so sweet can breathe deceit,  
Ne'er trust I more to woman's worth.

*Byron.*

Oh, too convincing, dangerously dear  
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear.  
That weapon of her weakness she can wield  
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.  
Avoid it ! Virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,  
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers.

*Byron.*

A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,  
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Her glance, how wildly beautiful !

*Byron.*

Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.

*Moore.*

She that is born a beauty is half married.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire  
Until she spoke; then through its soft disguise  
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,  
And love than either.

*Byron.*

His eye was blue and calm,  
As is the sky in the serenest noon.

*Willis.*

The bright black eye, the melting blue—  
I cannot choose between the two.  
But that is dearest all the while  
Which wears for us the sweetest smile.

*Holmes.*

Forms, such as Nature moulds when she would vie  
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.

*Moore.*

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possessed.

*Milton.*

A smile is sleeping on thy lip,  
And a faint blush melting through  
The light of thy transparent cheek,  
Like a rose-leaf bathed in dew.

*Whittier.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare.  
And Beauty leads us by a single hair.

*Pope.*



Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth  
And swimming majesty of step and tread,  
The symmetry of form and feature, set  
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs  
Of flute and harp.

*Milman.*

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Grace in a woman gains the affections sooner and secures them longer than anything else ; it is an outward and visible sign of an inward harmony of soul, as the want of it in men is the greatest impediment in a career of gallantry and road to the female heart.

*Hazlitt.*

While her laugh, full of life without any control,  
But the sweet one of gracefulness wrung from the soul ;  
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover—  
In lip, cheek, or eyes—for she brightened all over,  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

*Moore.*

Lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow.

*Bailey.*

And oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten  
When music has reached her inward soul,  
Like the silent stars that wink and listen  
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll !

*Moore.*

Beauty is potent, but wealth is omnipotent.

If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
*Emerson.*

Hung over her enamored, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces.  
*Milton.*

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy ;  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.  
*Codrington*

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.  
*Milman*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.  
*Shakespeare*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
*Addison.*

We seldom appreciate beauty until it is on the decline,  
and then we cling to and treasure its wreck with jealous  
care.

Beauty in the possession of an unthinking woman is  
more dangerous than a drawn sword in the hands of an  
idiot.

Remember if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thy-  
self all thy life for that which perchance will neither last  
nor please thee one year ; and when thou hast it, it will  
be to thee of no price at all.

*Raleigh.*

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

Oh, richly fell the flaxen hair  
Over the maiden's shoulders fair ;  
On every feature of her face  
Sat radiant modesty and grace ;  
Her tender eyes were mild and bright,  
And through her robes of shadowy white  
The delicate outline of her form  
Shone like an iris through a storm.

*Dr. Mackay.*

# LOVE.

4

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## LOVE.

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MAN's love is of his life a thing apart ;  
'Tis woman's whole existence.

*Byron.*

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the establishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world ; it is there her ambition strives for empire ; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure ; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

*Irving.*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love ;  
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies is in it.

*Bailey's "Festus."*

**Thou** hast lost the love of a faithful heart,  
And the light of a faithful eye—  
Things whose deep worth we value not  
Till they're past for ever by.

*Mrs. S. P. Smith.*

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never  
like a fool.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Persons in the higher ranks of society, so exposed to  
ennui, are either rendered totally incapable of real love,  
or they love far more intensely than those in a lower  
station.

*Bulwer.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

*Tennyson.*

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted.  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning  
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of  
refreshing.

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the  
fountain.

*Longfellow.*

The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,  
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone  
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing  
It can twine to itself, and make closely its own.

*Moore.*

**The** greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven round us.

*Moore.*

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That even to birds and beasts, the tender art of  
pleasing teaches.

One moment may with bliss repay  
Unnumbered hours of pain.

*Campbell.*

Absence not long enough to root out quite  
All love, increases love at second sight.

*May.*

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years,  
And every little absence is an age.

*Dryden.*

Tell me no more  
Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?  
Have I not loved and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place, a home for all  
Its burden of affection ?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

There's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee ;  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,  
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale of thee.

*Procter.*



Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

*Pope.*

Our love will be  
The fonder after parting ; it will grow  
Intenser in our absence, and again  
Burn with a tender glow when I return.

*Percival.*

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,  
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.

Then comes the parting hour, and what arise  
When lovers part—expressive looks and eyes,  
Tender and tearful, many a fond adieu,  
And many a call the sorrow to renew.

*Crabbe.*

O Love, in such a wilderness as this,  
Where transport and security entwine,  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
And here thou art a god indeed divine ;  
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine  
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire.

*Campbell.*

We always dread the sight of one we love, when we  
have been coquetting elsewhere.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There is nothing but death  
Our affections can sever,  
And till life's latest breath  
Love shall bind us for ever.

*Percival.*

The lover now, beneath the western star,  
Sighs through the medium of his sweet cigar,  
And fills the ears of some consenting she  
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.

*Moore.*

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
The least glance, better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much.

*Byron.*

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

*Byron.*

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains ;  
I would not live without thee  
For all the world contains.

*G. P. Morris.*

The world was sad, the garden wild,  
And man a hermit sighed, till woman smiled.

In every secret glance he stole,  
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

*Scott.*

For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,  
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Flowers are love's truest language.

*Park Benjamin.*

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

What is man's love? His vows are broke  
Even while his parting kiss is warm.

*Halleck.*

Oh the tender ties  
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!  
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul  
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.

*Young.*

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?

*Moore.*

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets  
The same look which she turned when he rose.

*Moore.*

When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

No after friendships e'er can raise  
The endearments of our early days,  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove  
As when we first began to love.

*Logan.*

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my breast.

Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,  
My heart shall follow and my spirit share.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

When I forget that the stars shine in air—  
When I forget that beauty is in stars—  
When I forget that love with beauty is—  
Will I forget thee ; till then all things else.

*Bailey.*

Rare as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There is no truth in love.  
It alters with the smile of fortune's sun,  
As flowers do change by culture.

To kneel at many a shrine,  
Yet lay the heart on none,  
To think all other charms divine,  
But those we just have won.

It is a delightful sensation which a new passion begins to stir up within us when the old one is not yet entirely departed. Thus at sunset we take pleasure in seeing the moon rise on the opposite side of the heavens, and rejoice in the double splendor of both luminaries.

*Goethe.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love ;  
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.

*Shakspeare.*

When thou art near,  
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,  
The brightest hopes more bright appear,  
And life is all one happy dream.

When adversities flow, then love ebbs ;  
But friendship standeth stiffly in storms.

*Lilly.*

What causes the majority of women to be so little touched by friendship is, that it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;  
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

*Pope.*

Hearts have bled,  
And healed themselves to be all callous.

*Percival.*

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

Farewell! My lips may wear a careless smile,  
My words may breathe the very soul of lightness,  
But the touched heart must deeply feel the while  
That life has lost a portion of its brightness.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed,  
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest  
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.

*Moore.*

We forgive so long as we love.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

*Byron.*

Jealousy is doubt, and doubt is the death of love.

*Bulwer.*

In jealousy there is more self-love than love.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Men's vows are women's traitors.

*Shakspeare.*

My heart's so full of joy,  
That I shall do some wild extravagance  
Of love in public, and the foolish world,  
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

*Dryden.*

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind ;  
And gently Friendship's accents flow ;  
Affection's voice is kind.

O Love ! O fire ! Once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul through  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

*Tennyson.*

My lips pressed themselves involuntarily to hers—a  
long, long kiss, burning, intense—concentrating emotion,  
heart, soul, all the rays of life's light, into a single focus.

*Bulwer's "Devereux"*

A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.

*Byron.*

A kiss of the mouth often touches not the heart.

Kiss the tear from her lip ; you'll find the rose  
The sweeter for the dew.

*Webster.*

These poor half kisses kill me quite ;  
Was ever man thus served,  
Amidst an ocean of delight  
For pleasure to be starved ?

*Dryden.*

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,  
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay ;  
The sweetness clung upon my lips all day  
Like drops of honey, loth to fall away.

*Dryden.*

The kiss you take is paid by what you give ;  
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.

She brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his ;  
At which he whispered kisses back on hers.

*Dryden.*

And with a velvet lip print on his brow  
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Those lips, that then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unasked, or without blame.

*Moore.*

In a thousand pounds of law there is not an ounce of love.

My love and I for kisses played ;  
 She would hold stakes, I was content ;  
 But when I won she would be paid ;  
 This made me ask her what she meant.  
 Nay, then, quoth she, is this discussion vain ;  
 Give me my stakes, and take your own again.  
*Paget.*

Labor is a mortal enemy to love, and a deadly foe to fancy.

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,  
 Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.  
*Coleridge.*

There was a time when bliss  
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his—  
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer.  
*Moore.*

A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration ; at least, if Nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can supply her richly out of the stores of his imagination with supernatural beauty and all the properties of intellectual wealth.  
*Scott's "Waverley."*

Those summer flies that flit so gayly round thee,  
 They never felt one moment what I feel,  
 With such a silent tenderness,  
 So closely in my heart.  
*Percival.*



In lovers' quarrels, the party that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.

*Scott's "Kenilworth."*

Yes, woman's love's a holy light,  
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die ;  
It lives, though treachery and slight  
To quench its constancy may try.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins ; it is less difficult to know it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air, a thousand messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look, the signals upon the countenance, the electric telegraph of touch,—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and renders retreat impossible.

*Longfellow.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

*Shakspeare.*

The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.

*Terence.*

Love me little, love me long.

*Marlowe.*

To write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.

*Rousseau.*

A lover's pinch, which hurts and is desired.

*Shakspeare.*

Love was to his impassioned soul,  
 Not as with others, a mere part  
 Of its existence, but the whole,  
 The very life-breath of his heart.

*Moore.*

Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship  
 never.

*Colton.*

Alas! the love of women, it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring  
 To them, but mockeries of the past alone.

*Byron.*

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.

*Shakspeare.*

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon  
 Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.

*Shakspeare.*

Sweet love, changing its property,  
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

*Shakspeare.*

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
 And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
 And burning blushes, though for no transgression—  
 Trembling when met, and restlessness when left.

*Byron*

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Shakspeare.*

They love least that let men know their love.  
They do not love that do not show their love.  
Too light winning makes the prize light.  
To be wise and love exceeds man's might.  
At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs.  
By love the young and tender wit is turned to folly.  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.  
There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.  
One who loved not wisely, but too well.  
Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their  
    natures more than is native to them.  
Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in health, is  
    short-lived.

*Shakspeare.*

Let him who does not choose to be considered a lazy  
fellow, fall in love.

*Ovid.*

Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved,  
And woman's triumph is a lover saved.

*Lamb.*

Risk all the riches of his years of toil,  
And his God-vouched inheritance of heaven,  
For one light, momentary taste of love.

*Bailey.*

He who admits Ambition to the companionship of Love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrade.

*Bulwer.*

In their first passions women love the lover, in the others they love love.

Love weakens as it grows older, while friendship strengthens with years.

*Stanislaus.*

In love's wars, he who flies is conqueror.

Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators.

When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.

Better the tie at once be broken,  
At once our last farewell be spoken,  
Than watch him one by one destroy  
The glowing buds of hope and joy ;  
Than thus to see them day by day,  
Beneath his coldness, fade away.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light that lies in woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing ;  
Though wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the love she brought me ;  
My only books were women's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

*Moore.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in what we excite.

It is with true love as with apparitions. Every one talks of it, but few have seen it.

There are people who never would have been in love if they had never heard of love.

Love, like fire, must have continual movement. When it ceases to hope and fear, it ceases to exist.

In love, he who is earliest cured is always best cured.

The reason why lovers are never weary of being together is, because they are always talking of themselves.

Coldness in love is a sure means of being beloved.

The more we love, the nearer are we to hate.

Women who love, more easily pardon great indiscretions than little infidelities.

In love we often doubt what we most believe.

There are few people who, when their love is over, are not ashamed of having been in love.

It is impossible to love a second time what we have once really ceased to love.

Men often proceed from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

In the soul, love is a passion for reigning; in minds, it is a sympathy; in the body, it is a latent desire to possess the object loved.

The generality of women mourn the death of their lovers, not so much from the love they bore them, as to appear more worthy of being loved.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is possible for men to be so changed by love that one could not recognize them to be the same persons.

*Terence.*

To be loved, we should merit but little esteem, all superiority attracts awe and aversion.

*Helvetius.*

Love is the loadstone of love.

More cruel far than murderer's self is he  
Who, having kindled once love's Eden bloom,  
With warm persuasion's spell, in some young heart,  
E'er lets indifference blight it or neglect;  
For love, true love, can flower but once in life,  
In woman's life, the aloe of the heart.

*Mrs. Osgood*

The love which is nursed through shame and sorrow is  
of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared  
in pride and fostered in joy.

*Bulwer.*

What can be counted pleasure after love?  
Like the young lion which once has lapped blood,  
The heart can ne'er be coaxed back to aught else.

*Bailey*

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Shakspeare.*

In woman, love once admitted engrosses all the sources of thought and excludes every object but itself; but in man it is shared with all the former reflections and feelings which the past yet bequeaths us, and can neither constitute the whole of our happiness or woe. The love of man in his maturer years is not so much a new emotion as a revival and concentration of all his departed affection toward others.

*Bulwer's "Falkland."*

Love in all its tenderness, in all its kindness, its unsuspecting truth.

The mentor vanished in the lover.

Lovers have an ineffable instinct which detects the presence of rivals.

Few men make advances where there is no encouragement.

We learn rapidly when our teachers are those we love.

There is no place like a large country-house for falling in love.

There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels that compensates the sting.

Love, doubt, hope, ecstasy—the reverse, terror, inanimate despondency, agonized despair.

When we love intensely, it is difficult to make us believe there is no love in return.

The man loves the sex, the woman loves only the individual; and the more she loves him, the more cold she is to the species.

Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They fear lest they should be loved for a quality, and not for themselves.

*Bulwer.*

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

*Homer.*

A lover is a man who, in his anxiety to possess another, has lost possession of himself.

What is so unearthly, so beautiful as the first birth of a woman's love? The air of the heaven is not purer in its wanderings, its sunshine not more holy in its warmth.

*Bulwer.*

Ours too the glance none saw beside,  
The smile none else might understand ;  
The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand.

*Byron.*

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal.

*Coleridge.*

Love's altar oft is kindled by the ray  
That beams from gratitude.

*Mrs. Hale.*

When first love's wave of feeling, spray-like, broke  
Into bright utterance, and we said we loved.

*Bailey.*

Love knows no measure, has no grave.

*Italian.*

Works, not words, are the proof of love.

All love may be expelled by other love,  
As poisons are by poisons.

*Dryden.*

I know not why  
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say  
Love's reason's without reason.

*Shakspeare.*

Love is a passion whose effects are various :  
It ever brings some change upon the soul ;  
Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

*Brooke.*



The cold in clime are cold in blood ;  
Their love can scarce deserve the name.

*Byron.*

To say he loved,  
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouched,  
What many an action testified, and yet  
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.

*Knowles.*

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we  
are loved.

*Hugo.*

From my experience, not one in twenty marries the  
first love.

*Scott.*

Whenever, in society, young persons are detected in a  
rising attachment, there is an attempt to embarrass them  
or bring them nearer together ; just as afterward, when  
their passion is declared, to separate them.

*Goethe.*

That you may be loved, be amiable.

*Ovid.*

Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love.

Love's sweet tokens now command :

Cold seem all thy burning kisses,  
Faint the pressure of thy hand.

*Goethe.*

I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not.

*Shakspeare.*

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip ;  
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motion of her body.

*Shakspeare.*

It is sweeter to love than to be loved.

I loved him too as woman loves,  
Reckless of sorrow, blame or scorn ;  
Love had no evil destiny  
That with him I would not have borne.

*Miss Landon.*

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room  
in the house.

Yes, loving is a painful thrill,  
And not to love more painful still ;  
But oh, it is the worst of pain  
To love and not be loved again.

*Moore.*

One in whose love I felt 'twere given  
The mixed delights of either sphere—  
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,  
And all the senses burn for here.

*Moore.*

Let us love temp'rately ; things violent last not ;  
And too much dotage rather argues folly,  
Than true affection.

*Massinger.*

He, full of bashfulness and truth,  
Loved much, hoped little, and desired naught.

*Fairfax.*

And there's one on whom e'en I  
Might my maiden heart bestow,  
While his looks plead silently,  
Filled with passion's tenderest glow.  
*Schiller.*

Love, well thou knowest, no partnership allows ;  
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows.  
*Prior.*

Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.

*Longfellow.*

That breathed when soul was knit to soul,  
And heart to heart responsive beat.  
*Campbell.*

Oh, had we never, never met,  
Or could this heart e'en now forget,  
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
Had fate not frown'd so dark between.  
*Moore.*

For oh, so wildly do I love him,  
That Paradise itself were dim  
And joyless, if not shared with him.  
*Moore.*

If to see thee be to love thee, if to love thee be to prize  
Naught of earth or heaven above thee, nor to live but for  
those eyes.

*Moore.*

The most powerful symptom of love is a tenderness which becomes at times almost insupportable.

*Hugo.*

Love has no middle term ; it either saves or destroys.

*Hugo.*

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

*Moore.*

Life outweighs all things, if love lies within it.

*Goethe.*

Joy like his, like hers, deals not in words.

One warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
Excels ten thousand dead ones in the tomb.

*Moore.*

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*Scott.*

The faltering step, the look estranged,  
Voice, step and life and beauty changed—  
He would have marked all this, and known  
Such change is wrought by love alone.

*Moore.*

Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
The world's a world of love for us.

*Moore.*

Love is a child that talks in broken language,  
Yet then he speaks most plain.

*Dryden.*

When love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love;  
The strong, the brave, the virtuous and the wise  
Sink in the soft captivity together.

*Addison.*

The treasures of the deep are not so precious,  
As are the concealed comforts of a man,  
Locked up in woman's love.

*Middleton.*

Something the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love and joy and sorrow learn;  
Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn.

Dissembled love is like  
The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.

*Sewell.*

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see  
The heart that others bled for, bleed for me.

*Congreve.*

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

*Keats.*

The first symptom of true love in a young man is timidity, in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other.

*Hugo.*

All Nature fades extinct; and she alone,  
Heard, felt and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

*Thomson.*

Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,  
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true.

*Moore.*

Love makes all things possible.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.

*Shakspeare.*

But to see her was to love her—  
Love but her, and love for ever.

*Burns.*

Had we never loved so kindly—  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

*Burns.*

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her.  
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?  
Or sigh because she smiles on others?

They parted, as all lovers part;  
She with her wronged and breaking heart;  
But he, rejoicing to be free,  
Bounds like a captive from his chain,  
And willfully believing she  
Hath found her liberty again.

*Miss London.*

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.  
Love teaches cunning even to innocence ;  
And when he gets possession, his first work  
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there  
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,  
To feast alone.

*Dryden.*

She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness or in maiden pride,  
The soft return concealed.

*Thomson.*

And had he not long read  
The heart's hushed secret, in the soft dark eye  
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek,  
Coloring all crimson at his lightest look ?

*Miss Landon.*

There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear.

*The Bible.*

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the  
rapture of moments.

*Bulwer.*

A man has choice to begin love, but not to end it.

When a man talks of love, with caution hear him,  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

*Otway.*

Perish the lover whose imperfect flame  
Forgets one feature of the nymph he loved !

*Shenstone.*

Strange that the lovelorn heart will beat  
With rapture wild amid its folly !  
No grief so soft, no pain so sweet  
As love's delicious melancholy.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Were it not better to forget,  
Than but remember and regret ?

*Miss Landon.*

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Shakspeare.*

The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor which is not repose.

*Byron.*

Good-night ! good-night ! Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

*Shakspeare.*

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary to win the love of a woman, answered, "Opportunity."

Enough that we are parted—that there rolls  
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
As hell from heaven, to all eternity.

*Moore.*

Prosperity's the very bond of love.

*Shakspeare.*



Peace to thy heart, though another's it be,  
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me.

*Moore.*

She rose, she sprung, she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.  
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,  
That downcast drooped in tearless agony.  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,  
So full that feeling seemed almost unfelt.

*Byron.*

They that are rich in words must need discover  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

*Raleigh.*

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,  
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure.

*Young.*

Who ever paused on passion's fiery wheel?  
Or, trembling by the side of her he loved,  
Whose lightest touch brings all but madness,  
Stopped coldly short to reckon up his pulse?

*Bailey.*

When life was sweet and calm as is a sister's kiss,  
And not the wild and whirlwind touch of passion,  
Which though it hardly light upon the lip,  
With breathless swiftness sucks the soul out of sight.

*Bailey.*

There is no passion evil in itself.

Love on his lips and hatred in his heart,  
His motto, Constancy; his creed, To part.

*Byron*

The lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt; there must be difficulty and danger.

*Scott.*

Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!—  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fell off;  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

*Moore.*

Oh, only those  
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,  
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing  
Affection gives and hallows.

*Miss Landon.*

There's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee.  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon  
But in its fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee.

*Procter*

As Heaven,  
When the stars falter forth, one by one,  
Like words of love from maiden's lips.

*Bailey.*

The wounds of self-love are often most incurable in those who appear least vulnerable to true love.

*Bulwer.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

*Burns.*

The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil  
Around deluded woman, so to sting  
The heart that loves them.

*Southey.*

Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes  
Beneath a lover's burning sighs.

*Moore.*

At the gate which suspicion enters, love goes out.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

*Scott.*

A lover's like a hunter—if the game be got with too much ease, he cares not for 't.

*Mead.*

When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win ;  
But what it is, hard is it to say, harder to hit.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love of herself: all that runs over will be yours.

*Colton.*

Oh, let me live for ever on those lips ;  
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.

*Dryden.*

Take my esteem, if you on that can live,  
For frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give.

*Dryden.*

Yet, it is love, if thoughts of tenderness,  
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,  
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet, oh, more than all, untired by time.

*Byron.*

Oh, knowest thou, dear one, of woman's love,  
With its faith that woes more deeply prove,  
Its fondness wide as the limitless wave,  
And chainless by naught but the silent grave ?

*Mrs. Embury.*

A woman may live without a lover, but a lover once admitted, she never goes through life with only one. She is deserted, and cannot bear her anguish and solitude, and hence fills up the void with a second idol.

*Bulwer.*

But Love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush.

*Shakspeare.*

A woman always knows when she is loved, though she often imagines she is loved when she is not.

*Bulwer.*

There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

*Moore.*

The wound's invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Shakspeare.*

It is the show and seal of Nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.

*Shakspeare.*

Respect is what we owe, love what we give,  
And men would mostly rather give than pay.

*Bailey.*

Love will suspect where is no cause of fear;  
And there not fear where it should most mistrust.

*Shakspeare.*

We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Shakspeare.*

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

*Ferrolld.*

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love;  
but to write it is to impale himself on his own pot  
hooks.

*Ferrolld.*

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.

*Ferrol.*

Love is the striving  
Of two spirits to be one,  
Sweetness lingering after sweetness,  
Want that thirsteth for completeness,  
Planets twain decreed to be  
Each other's dear necessity,  
Each from each its light deriving,  
Till they melt into a sun.

Love is "two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

Unhappy he who lets a tender heart,  
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,  
Fall from him by his own neglect and die,  
Because it met no kindness.

Love never reasons, but profusely gives—  
Gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all,  
And trembles then lest it has done too little.

He loved—his soul did Nature frame  
For love, and Fancy nursed the flame;  
Vainly he loved, for seldom swain  
Of such soft mould is loved again.

*Scott.*

She watched, yet feared to meet his glance;  
And he shunned hers, till when by chance  
They met.

*Scott.*

Thus from their childhood blending still  
Their sport, their study, and their skill,  
A union of the soul they prove,  
But must not think that it is love.

*Scott.*

And then I met with one  
Who was my fate ; he saw me, and I knew  
'Twas love that like swift lightning darted through  
My spirit ; ere I thought, my heart was soon  
Spellbound to his, for ever and for ever.

Yet I was calm ; I knew the time  
My heart would thrill before thy look,  
But now to tremble were a crime ;  
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

*Byron.*

Oh quicker far is lover's ken  
Than the dull glance of common men,  
And by strange sympathy can feel  
The thoughts the loved one will not tell.

*Scott.*

What avails ingenuous worth,  
Sprightly wit or noble birth ?  
All these virtues useless prove ;  
*Gold* alone engages love.

*Anacreon.*

O'er her warm cheek, the rising bosom, move  
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.  
*Gray.*

Love has no power to act when curbed by jealousy.  
*Hill.*

One only passion unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;  
Oh, need I tell that passion's name ?

*Scott.*

They sin who tell us love can die,  
With life all other passions fly—  
All others are but vanity.

*Southey.*

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal.

*Coleridge.*

Imparadised in one another's arms.

*Milton.*

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of  
women.

*The Bible.*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through many a weary way ;  
But never, never can forget  
The love of life's young day.

*Motherwell.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the western star.

*Scott.*

When a young man complains that a young lady has  
no heart, it is pretty certain she has his.

*Prentice.*

Nae mair o' that, dear Jenny, to be free ;  
There's some men constanter in love than we.

*Ramsay.*



But love in whispers lets us ken  
That men were made for us, and we for men.

*Ramsay.*

When two agree in their desire,  
One spark will set them both on fire.

*Quarles.*

Of all the paths that lead to woman's love,  
Pity's the straightest.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Then fly betimes, for only they conquer love who run  
away.

*Carew.*

Give me but  
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—  
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp  
Affection's tendrils round.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,  
Vows with such passion, swears with so much grace,  
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.

Love requires not so much proofs as expressions of  
love. Love demands little else than the power to feel  
and to requite love.

*Jean Paul.*

Love is the first influence by which the soul is raised  
to a higher life.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?  
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,  
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?

*Young.*

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious,  
esteem without love is languid and cold.

*Johnson.*

O love! When womanhood is in the flush,  
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,  
His first breathed word and her half-conscious blush  
Are fair as light in heaven or flowers in spring.

*Cunningham.*

Love is to the heart what summer is to the year—it  
brings to maturity its choicest fruits.

To make a couple love each other, it is only necessary  
to separate them.

*Goethe.*

She knew—  
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart  
Was darkened with her shadow.

*Byron.*

Blushes a woman's passions may reveal,  
But men their passions by their words should tell.

*Earl of Orrery.*

To her, love was like the air of heaven—invisible, in-  
tangible; it yet encircled her soul, and she knew it, for  
it was her life.

*Miss McIntosh.*

The soul of woman lives in love.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that  
which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sin-  
cere, and the party beloved kind with discretion.

*Addison.*

Cupid kills some with arrows, and some with traps.

*Shakspeare.*

Sweet were his kisses on my balmy lips,  
As are the breezes breathed amidst the groves  
Of ripening spices on the height of day.

*Behm.*

He kissed me hard,  
As if he'd pluck up kisses by the roots  
That grow upon my lips.

*Shakspeare.*

I swear I love you with my first virgin fondness ;  
I live all in you, and I die without you ;  
At your approach my heart beats fast within me ;  
A pleasing trembling thrills through all my blood  
Whene'er you touch me with your melting hand ;  
But when you kiss, oh, 'tis not to be spoke.

*Gildon.*

And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other, and beholding this,  
Their lips drew near and clung into a kiss.

*Byron.*

Oh, could I give the world  
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,  
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.

*Southern.*

Lovers say the heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

*Shakspeare.*

Love in the bosom of youth is the well-spring whence  
arise the pure fountains of hope, great deeds and swelling  
thoughts of a bright future.

If thou rememberest not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved ;  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved ;  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.

*Shakspeare.*

No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not venerate where she loved, and did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

*Bulwer.*

The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild flower, which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing.

*Longfellow.*

The science of love is the philosophy of the heart.

*Cicero.*

Why did she love him? Curious fool ! be still ;  
Is human love the growth of human will ?

*Byron.*

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.

*Erasmus.*

Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one—love him once and forever, devote myself to him alone, live for him, die for him, exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved, none whom I may love as I am capable of loving! How empty, how desolate, seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections only to fall and fade?

*Longfellow.*



# MARRIAGE.

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# MARRIAGE.

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EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
Makes another soon or late ;  
Never yet was any marriage  
Entered in the book of fate,  
But the names were also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

*Parsons.*

A wife is a gift bestowed upon a man to reconcile him  
to the loss of Paradise.

*Goethe.*

The moment a woman marries, some terrible revolution happens in her system ; all her good qualities vanish, presto, like eggs out of a conjurer's box. 'Tis true that they appear on the other side of the box, but for the husband they are gone for ever.

*Bulwer*

A young man married is a man that's married.

*Shakspeare.*

Take the daughter of a good mother.

*Fuller.*



Few natures can preserve through years the poetry of the first passionate illusion. That can alone render wedlock the seal that confirms affection, and not the mocking ceremonial that consecrates its grave.

*Bulwer.*

If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal.

*Ovid.*

A bad wife is shackles to a man's feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

*Osborn.*

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

A married man has many cares, but a bachelor no pleasures.

*Johnson.*

A bachelor deprives himself of a great pleasure for fear of some trifling annoyance, rivaling the wiseacre who secured himself against corns by amputating his leg.

While to his arms the blushing bride he took,  
To seeming sadness she composed her look ;  
As if by force subjected to his will,  
Though pleased, dissembling, and a woman still.

*Dryden.*

This entireness of love, which can only be found  
When woman, like something that's holy, watched over  
And fenced from her childhood with purity round,  
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to her lover.

*Moore.*

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

*Bacon.*

May thorns be planted in the marriage bed,  
And love grow soured and blacken into hate !

*Bulwer.*

Then a hand shall pass before thee,  
Pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows,  
To the tears that thou shalt weep.

*Tennyson.*

To all married men be this caution,  
Which they should duly tender as their life :  
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

*Massinger.*

O Heaven ! were man  
But constant, he were perfect ; that one error  
Fills him with faults.

So much in common, how different in type ! She, all golden hues and softness ; he, all dark shades and energy. Her step so light and childlike—his, so manly and steady. Such a contrast, and yet such a harmony—strength and weakness blended together ! Every characteristic feature of the one setting forth to advantage and giving zest to that of the other ; the fiery black diamond casting lustre over the Oriental pearl ; the Oriental pearl in return lending softness to the black diamond.

*Ruffini's "Dr Antonio."*

The fruit that must fall without shaking  
Is rather too mellow for me.

Marry ! no, faith ; husbands are like lots in  
The lottery ; you may draw forty blanks  
Before you find one that has any prize  
In him. A husband generally is a  
Careless, domineering thing that grows like  
Coral, which, as long as it is under water,  
Is soft and tender, but as soon  
As it has got its branch above the waves,  
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bowed.

*Marston.*

What do you think of marriage ?  
I take it as those that deny purgatory.  
It locally contains or heaven or hell ;  
There's no third place in it.

*Webster.*

The woman that has not touched the heart of a man  
before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to  
charm it when possession and security turn their power-  
ful arms against her.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I  
should live till I were married.

*Shakspeare.*

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better  
than the dinner.

*Colton.*

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.

*Ben Jonson.*

He that marries a wife and he that goes to war must necessarily submit to everything that may happen.

*Italian Proverb.*

First conquer thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.

*Fuller.*

Hasty marriages seldom prove well.

*Shakspeare.*

Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can.

Few persons remain single from choice.

*Bayard Taylor.*

Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity.

*St. Augustine.*

Marriage with peace is the world's paradise—with strife, this life's purgatory.

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed or cease to woo.

*Moore*

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.

*Shakspeare.*

The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

*Shakspeare.*

It is not good that man should be alone.

*The Bible.*

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.

*Penn.*

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear ;  
And something every day they live  
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

*Cowper.*

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

*Rogers.*

Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet  
To think how many counsels sweet,  
How many lengthened sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises.

*Burns.*

Think not, the husband gained, that all is done ;  
The price of happiness must still be won ;  
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
The lover in the husband may be lost.

*Lyttleton.*

But earlier happy is the rose distilled  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

*Shakspeare.*

Domestic happiness ! thou only bliss  
Of paradise that has survived the fall.

*Cowper.*

For any man to match above his rank  
Is but to sell his liberty.

*Massinger.*

Marry not  
In haste, for she that takes the best of husbands  
Puts on a golden fetter ; for husbands  
Are like to painted fruit, which promise much,  
But still deceive us when we come to touch them.

A wife ! O fetters  
To man's blessed liberty ! All this world's a prison,  
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailer ;  
But the iron shackles, weighing down our heels,  
Are only women.

Wars are no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Shakspeare.*

Husband and wife have so many interests in common, that when they have jogged through the ups and downs of life a sufficient time, the leash which at first galled often grows easy and familiar, and unless the temper, or rather the disposition, and the heart of either be insufferable, what was once a grievous yoke becomes but a companionable tie.

*Bulwer.*

A prudent marriage means friendly indifference, not rapture or despair.

*Bulwer.*

'Tis best repenting in a coach-and-six. If among the rich there is less love in wedlock, less quiet and happiness at home, still they are less chained to each other, and have more independence.

*Buñer.*

In buying houses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

*Italian Proverb.*

How blest ! He names in Love's familiar tone  
The kind, fair friend by Nature marked his own,  
And in the waveless mirror of his mind  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,  
Since when her empire o'er his heart began,  
Since first he called her his before the holy man.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

A man's best fortune or his worst is a wife.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

An immoral bachelor makes a jealous husband.

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.

He who does not honor his wife, dishonors himself

It's hard to wive and thrive both in a year.

It's a sad house where the hen crows louder than the  
cock.

My son's my son till he hath got him a wife ;

My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life

Observe the face of the wife to know the husband's  
character.

Never seek a wife till you ken what to do with her.

As the husband is, the wife is ; if mated to a clown,  
The grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee  
down ;

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its  
novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
horse.

*Tennyson.*

The calmest husbands oft have the stormiest wives.

For nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

*Milton.*

Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.

*Solomon*

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

*Pope.*

It is their husbands' fault,  
If wives do fall.

*Shakspeare.*

I should advise a man to pause before he takes a wife ;  
Indeed I see no reason why he should not pause for life.

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little  
wife well willed.



I chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown—for qualities that would wear well.

*Goldsmith.*

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.

A buxom widow must be either married, buried or shut up in a convent.

*Spanish Proverb.*

A woman in a single state may be happy and may be miserable, but most happy, most miserable—these are epithets which belong to a wife.

*Coleridge.*

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.

*Andrew Jackson.*

If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife.

*Michelet.*

The very difference of character in marriage produces a harmonious combination.

*Irving.*

Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife,  
Out of your grace and favor,  
To be the comfort of my life,  
And I was glad to have her.  
But if your providence divine  
For greater bliss design her,  
To obey your will at any time  
I'm ready to resign her.

*Coffey.*

Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

*Shakspeare.*

When the wife is the poorer, she is rich in amiability.

A woman who marries a man poorer than herself is rarely willing to be guided by him. She will not adopt his ideas and habits, but will impose her own upon him.

*Michelet.*

No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy.

Believe me, man, there is no greater bliss  
Than the quiet joy of loving wife ;  
Which whoso wants, half of himself doth miss.

*Sidney.*

For contemplation he and valor formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;  
He for God only, she for God in him.

*Milton.*

Too light winning makes the prize light

*Shakspeare.*

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them, they want everything.

Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves.

*Shakspeare.*

God is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

*Milton.*

Of earthly good, the best is a good wife ;  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

The world well tried, the sweetest thing in life  
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

*Willis.*

Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir ;  
Though I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

*Burns.*

And both were young, and one was beautiful ;  
And to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him.

*Byron.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they  
wed.

*Shakspeare.*

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky  
changes when they are wives.

*Shakspeare.*

Whispering, "I will ne'er consent," consented.

*Byron.*

She's not well married that lives married long,  
But she's best married that dies married young.

*Shakspeare.*

Long loved, long wooed, and lately won,  
My life's best hope, and now mine own.

*Scott.*

Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
 Those we love and those who love us ;  
 Just when they have learned to help us,  
 When we are old and lean upon them,  
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
 Beckons to the fairest maiden ;  
 And she follows where he leads her,  
 Leaving all things for the stranger.

*Longfellow.*

Wedlock's like wine—not properly judged of till the  
 second glass.

*Ferrol.*

'Tis heaven itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,  
 Uninterrupted joy, untired success.  
 Mirth following mirth, the moments dance away,  
 Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride !

*Lyttleton.*

And truant husband should return and say,  
 "My dear, I was the first who came away."

First get an absolute conquest over thyself, and then  
 thou wilt easily govern thy wife.

*Fuller.*

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation  
 of burying them, hang themselves in hope that one  
 will come and cut the halter.

*Fuller.*

Marriage is the metempsychosis of women ; it turns  
 them into different creatures from what they were before.

When I am old and weary of the world  
I may grow desperate,  
And take a wife to mortify withal.

*Otway.*

Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion,  
but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

*Congreve.*

The happiness of married life depends upon the power  
of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness.

Two opposite opinions should not lie on the same  
bolster.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does  
least concern other people ; yet of all actions of our life,  
it is most meddled with by other people.

*Selden.*

Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry.

*Cowper.*

The man who marries for money has one advantage  
over those who marry for other considerations—he can  
know what he gets.

Every man ought to think there is but one good wife  
in the world, and that he is the happy possessor of that  
treasure.

No man can either live piously or die righteously  
without a wife.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

A wife of truth, innocence and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

*Irving.*

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

Were a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust for marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time.

*Dr. Johnson.*

I know the sum of all that makes a man, a just man,  
happy  
Consists in the well-choosing of his wife;  
And then well to discharge it does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune.

*Massinger.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We who improve his golden hours  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

*Cotton.*

A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man ; his angel and minister of graces innumerable ; his gem of many virtues ; his casket of jewels ; her voice is sweet music ; her smiles his brightest day ; her kiss the guardian of his innocence ; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life ; her industry, his surest wealth ; her economy, his safest steward ; her lips, his faithful counselors ; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares ; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

*Jeremy Taylor.*



**MAN.**

**G**

**97**







## M A N .

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WHAT a chimæra is man! what a confused chaos!  
what a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all  
things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great de-  
positary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of  
uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!

*Pascal.*

A pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

*Byron.*

In a contracted sphere, a noble man  
Cannot develop all his mental powers.  
On him his country and the world must work,  
He must endure both censure and applause,  
Must be compelled to estimate aright himself and others.

*Goethe.*

Talents are nurtured best in solitude,  
But character on life's tempestuous sea.  
He only fears mankind who knows them not,  
And he will soon misjudge them who avoids.

*Goethe.*

Best men are moulded out of faults.

*Shakspeare.*

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious  
instincts,

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are  
moments

Whereupon turn as on hinges the gates of the walls  
adamantine.

*Longfellow.*

He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all  
the contingencies of life, but the fool contends, and is  
struggling like a swimmer against the stream.

*Latin Proverb.*

The eagle of one house is the fool in another.

Man lives only to shiver and perspire.

*Sydney Smith.*

Not always actions show the man.

Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;

Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,

Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;

Pride guides his steps and bids him shun the great.

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,

He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave ;

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;

His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

*Pope.*

A stoop in the shoulders sinks a man in public and  
private estimation.

*Hansliet.*

One foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

What is commonly called an absent man is commonly either a weak or a very affected man.

*Chesterfield.*

Though a small draught of philosophy may lead a man into atheism, a deep draught will certainly bring him back again to the belief in a God.

*Bacon.*

Passionate men, like fleet hounds, overrun the scent, and he that shows his passion tells his enemy where he may hit him.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find

The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those below.

*Byron.*

To all the sons of sense proclaim,

One glorious hour of crowded life

Is worth an age without a name.

A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.

*La Bruyère.*

There are depths in man that go the lengths of lowest hell, as there are heights that reach highest heaven; for are not both heaven and hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting miracle and mystery that he is?

*Carlyle.*

Most of the eminent men in history have been diminutive in stature.

*Sydney Smith.*

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who gives it.

*Von Knebel.*

One breast laid open were a school  
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

*Byron.*

Better be the head of the yeomanry than the tail of the gentry.

Emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue;  
If you give way or edge aside from the direct footpath,  
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost.

*Shakspeare.*

Rather than be less, cared not to be at all.

*Milton.*

Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

*Shakspeare.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

*Young.*

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

*Dryden.*

Every man is a rascal when he is sick.

*Johnson.*

He who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke;  
he who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the  
college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him  
who herds with literary pedants.

*Lavater.*

Associate with men of good judgment, for judgment  
is found in conversation, and we make another man's  
judgment ours by frequenting his company.

*Fuller.*

The approbation bestowed on men who are entering  
the world often arises from a secret envy of those already  
established in it.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man  
speak more sublimely when he descends to human affairs.

*Cicero.*

The secret studies of an author are the sunken piers  
upon which is to rest his fame, spanning the dark waters  
of oblivion.

*Longfellow.*

Authors ought to be read, not heard.

*Hazlitt.*

None but an author knows an author's cares,  
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

*Cowper.*

Each author should be judged by the standard of his own age.

It is in vain a daring author thinks of attaining the heights of Parnassus, if he does not feel the secret influence of Heaven, and if his natal star have not formed him for a poet.

*Boileau.*

The man of talent who begins young at periodicals, and goes on long, has generally something crude and stunted about both his compositions and his celebrity.

*Bulwer.*

He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic;  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

*Butler.*

Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempted from the tyranny of caprice and chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves.

*Johnson.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Shakspeare.*

When a man is not amused he feels an involuntary contempt for those who are.

*Bulwer.*

When either side grows warm with argument the wiser man gives over first.

The honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

*Sheridan.*

What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much a weariness of our old ones or desire for change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There are two distinct sorts of bashfulness in men: this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps in the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

*Mackenzie.*

In the sallies of badinage a polite fool shines, but in gravity he is as awkward as an elephant disporting.

*Zimmerman.*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beard of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!

*Shakspeare.*

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in it: an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping.

*Shakspeare.*



Every one blames in his neighbor what the world blames in himself.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Men resemble the gods in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

*Cicero*

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone if he could, and I will show you one who will never be admitted into heaven.

*Feltham.*

No man ever wrote his own biography without omitting nine-tenths of the most important materials.

*Bulwer.*

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; writing, an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he need have a great memory, if he confer little, have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need to have great tact to seem to know what he doth not. Histories make men wise, poetry witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.

*Bacon.*

Men rise in glory as they sink in pride;  
Where boasting ends, their dignity begins.

*Young.*

A well-read fool is the most pestilent of blockheads; his learning is a flail which he knows not how to handle, and with which he breaks his neighbor's shins as well as his own.

*Stanislaus.*

If idleness in man do not produce vice, it commonly produces melancholy.

*Sydney Smith.*

He talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of sixteen do of puppy dogs.

*Shakspeare.*

The wrath of brothers is the wrath of devils.

*Spanish Proverb.*

It is the vice of scholars to suppose there is no knowledge in the world except that contained in books.

*Hazlitt.*

Books are white paper unless men spend in action the wisdom they get from thought.

*Bulwer.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

*Byron.*

Men may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges Nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which makes books serviceable and gives health and vigor to the mind.

*Fuller.*

For good and well must in man's actions meet;  
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

*Donne.*

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

*Holmes.*

Many men judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil, that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

*Longfellow.*

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.

*Ferrold.*

The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought  
Start into instant action, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.

*Hannah More.*

To exult even o'er an enemy oppressed, and heap  
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark  
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.

*Smollett.*

Who has not known ill-fortune, never knew  
Himself or his own virtue.

As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

*Young.*

Good men are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are better still.

*Rogers.*

Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.

*Shakspeare.*

The worst men oft give the best advice.

*Bailey.*

Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

*Shakspeare.*

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

*Shakspeare.*

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

*Shakspeare.*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

*Shakspeare.*

Oh, how wretched is the poor man that hangs on princes'  
favors!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Shakspeare.*

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.

*Milton.*

Great souls,  
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,  
And hold a near acquaintance with the Gods.

*Rowe.*

The man of thought strikes deepest and strikes safest.

*Savage.*

You have deeply ventured,  
But all must do so who would greatly win.  
*Byron.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.  
*Young.*

Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,  
And open all their rage, like summer storms  
At once discharged, grow cool again and calm.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!  
how infinite in faculties! in form how admirable! in  
action how like an angel! in apprehension like a god!  
*Shakspeare.*

His eyebrow dark and eye of fire  
Showed spirit proud and prompt to ire,  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.  
*Scott.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
*Shakspeare.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.  
*Shakspeare.*

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wanderings and enjoy his frets,  
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.  
*Herbert.*

He has I know not what  
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate,  
That almost awes me.

*Dryden.*

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,  
Contains the shining treasure of a soul  
Resolved and brave.

*Dryden.*

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

*Butler.*

In arguing too the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still.

*Goldsmith.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?

*Pope.*

A man of sense can artifice disdain,  
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;  
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—  
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.

*Young.*

Man, proud man,  
Dressed in a little brief authority, like an angry ape  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep.

*Shakspeare.*

Some steal a thought,  
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him  
Whose 'twas to swear to it.

*Bailey.*

Virtue in distress and vice in triumph  
Make atheists of mankind.

*Dryden.*

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, binding  
The hearts of millions till they seem as one,  
Thou hast it.

*Halleck.*

O cursed love of gold! when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,  
First starved in this, then damned in that to come!

*Blair.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,  
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;  
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,  
And scowling looks on charity with hate.

*Wolcot.*

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill  
Of moving gracefully or standing still;  
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

*Churchill.*

Not all the pumice of the polished town  
Can smoothe the roughness of the barnyard clown;  
Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race  
By this one mark—he's awkward in his face.

*Holmes.*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

*Young.*

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with that of the king.

*Saville.*

To men addicted to pleasure business is an interruption; to such as are cold to pleasure it is an entertainment.

*Steele.*

A buffoon is a professional fool, a wag an amateur fool.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations,  
Solid men of Boston drink no deep potations.

*Morris.*

His beard is directly brick-color,  
And perfectly fashioned like the husk  
Of a chestnut; he kisses with the driest lip.

*Marston.*

I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds;  
I do not make the accident of birth  
The standard of their merit.

*Mrs. Hale.*

A vulgar man is captious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said is meant for him.

*Chesterfield.*

The generality of men, like plants, have latent properties which chance brings to light.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Features alone do not run in the blood; vices and virtues, genius and folly, are transmitted through the same sure but unseen channel.

*Haslitt.*



But human bodies are sic fools,  
 For a' their colleges and schools,  
 That when nae real ills perplex them,  
 They make enow themselves to vex them.

*Burns.*

Actions, words, looks, steps, form the alphabet by  
 which you may spell character.

*Lavater.*

Oh, he's as tedious  
 As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
 Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
 That feed on cates and have him talk to me  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Shakspeare.*

Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you  
 are trying for fame in a loftier area. The world can  
 only judge by generals, and it sees that those who pay  
 considerable attention to minutiae seldom have their  
 minds occupied with great things.

*Bulwer.*

Let me have men around me that are fat,  
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
 He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

*Shakspeare.*

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

The beauty of his character (Paul Richter's), like that  
 of the precious opal, arose from defect of organization.

*Longfellow.*

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle.

*Longfellow.*

Truly the color of our lives is woven into the fatal threads at our births; our original sins and our redeeming graces are infused into us; nor is the bond that confirms our destiny ever canceled.

*Hazlitt.*

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.

*Colton.*

I had observed that in comedies the best actor plays the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life—wise men spend their time in mirth, 'tis only fools who are serious.

*Bolingbroke.*

In politics and religion we have less charity for those who believe half of our creed than for those who deny the whole of it.

*Colton.*

He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin where you should woo a soul;  
To break a jest when pity should inspire  
Pathetic exhortation, and address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

*Cowper.*

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropped scrivener,  
One that sucks sustenance, as certain people are said to do,  
Through a quill.

The more a man knows, the less he believes.

Small certainties are the bane of men of talents.

*Strahan.*

The cleverest men affect all their lives to censure all  
artifice, in order that they may make use of it themselves  
on some grand occasion or for some great interest.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our be-  
coming so.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.

*Butler.*

Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

*Byron.*

The insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible,  
more shocking than his rudeness could be, because he  
shows you by his manner that he thinks it mere con-  
descension in him, and that his goodness alone bestows  
upon you what you have no pretence to claim.

*Chesterfield.*

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters,  
stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to  
challenge every new author.

*Longfellow.*

Critics are a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters, who, like deer, goats and other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure and retarding their progress toward maturity.

*Irving.*

Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends, and our Brobdingnag will often become a Lilliputian.

*Colton.*

Critics are cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame.

*Burns.*

Before men made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

*Lowell.*

There are points from which we can command our life,  
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,  
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,  
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind.

*Bailey.*

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.

*Chesterfield.*

Commend a fool for his wit and a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.

*Fielding.*

The light of other minds is as necessary to the play and development of genius as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated in a subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not from a common stone, and a Newton and Shakspeare, deprived of kindred minds and born amongst savages, savages had died.

*Colton.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

*Pope.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*Shakspeare.*

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.

*Colton.*

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.

*Greville.*

Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.

*Shakspeare.*

No man ever offended his own conscience but, first or last, it was revenged on him for it.

*South.*

He that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Milton.*

There is no future pang  
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned  
He deals on his own soul.

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

*Shakspeare.*

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is in the right.

*Cato.*

He only will please long who by tempering the acidity of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of conversation.

*Johnson.*

Take the tone of the company you are in, and never pretend to give it.

*Chesterfield.*

To converse well, a man must have knowledge, materials, command of words, imagination. presence of mind and resolution.

*Johnson.*

To follow foolish precedents, and to wink  
With both our eyes, are easier than to think.

*Cowper.*

The great charm of conversation consists less in the display of one's own wit and intelligence than in the power to draw forth the resources of others. He who leaves you after a long conversation pleased with himself, and the part he has taken in a long discourse, will be your warmest admirer. Men do not care to admire you; they wish you to be pleased with them; they do not seek for instruction, or even amusement, from your discourse, but they do wish you to be acquainted with their talents and powers of conversation; and the true man of genius will delicately make all who come in contact with him feel the exquisite satisfaction of knowing that they have appeared to advantage.

*La Bruyère.*

Custom forms us all.

Our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed belief,  
Are consequences of our place of birth.

*Hill.*

The true method of being deceived is to think ourselves more cunning than others.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The truly generous is the truly wise,  
And he who loves not others lives unblest.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

*Cowper.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Wotton.*

By the white neckcloth, with its straightened tie,  
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,  
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read  
The stern disciples of Geneva's creed.

*Holmes.*

'To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed;  
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need;  
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,  
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.

*Randolph.*

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign  
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain  
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,  
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

*Gifford.*

Oh grant me, Heaven, a middle state,  
Neither too humble nor too great;  
More than enough for Nature's ends,  
With something left to treat my friends.

*Mallet.*

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,  
And better bear like men than vainly seek to shun.

*Dryden.*

The wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.

*Rowe.*

A spirit yet unquelled and high,  
That claims and seeks ascendancy.

*Byron.*



True courage scorns  
To vent her prowess in a storm of words,  
And to the valiant actions speak alone.

*Smollett*

He hath a daily beauty in his life.  
The brave man is not he that feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger Nature shrinks from.

*Joanna Baillie.*

Superiority to circumstances is exactly what distinguishes and marks the great man.

There is strength  
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck  
But little till the shafts of Heaven have pierced  
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent  
Before her gems are found?

*Mrs. Hemans,*

O happy they who never saw the court,  
Nor ever knew great men but by report!

*Webster*

Every man has waited a whole century to be born,  
and now has a whole eternity waiting to see what he will  
do when born.

*Carlyle.*

Poor wretches, that depend  
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done,  
Wake and find nothing.

*Shakspeare.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Shakspeare.*

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,  
Just as one beauty mortifies another.

*Pope.*

I saw the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew he thought he was cutting a dash  
As his steed went thundering by.

*Holmes.*

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,  
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

*Churchill.*

Your noblest natures are most credulous.

*Chapman.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

*Pope.*

Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?  
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,  
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.

*Churchill.*

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.

*Byron.*

Do not insult calamity.

It is a barbarous grossness to lay on

The weight of scorn where heavy misery

Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

*Daniel.*

The over-curious are not over-wise.

*Massinger.*

Custom does often reason overrule,

And only serves for reason to the fool.

*Rochester.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun

Sees at thy hand no worthy action done.

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.

*Jackson.*

An emperor in his night-cap will not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.

*Goldsmith.*

A total negligence of dress and air is an impertinent insult upon custom and fashion.

*Chesterfield.*

Habit with him was all the test of truth:

"It must be right ; I've done it from my youth."

*Crabbe.*

A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by ; and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook

Into the main of waters.

*Shakspeare*

He danced without theatrical pretence;  
 Not like a ballet-master in the van  
 Of his drilled nymphs, but like a gentleman.

*Byron.*

To be the favorite of an ignominious multitude, a man must descend to their level; he must desire what they desire, and detest all they do not approve; he must yield to their prejudices and substitute them for principles. Instead of enlightening their errors, he must adopt them; he must furnish the sophistry that will propagate and defend them.

*Fisher Ames.*

A regard for personal appearance is a species of self-love from which the wisest are not exempt, and to which the mind clings so instinctively, that not only the soldier advancing to almost inevitable death, but even the doomed criminal who goes to certain execution, shows an anxiety to array his person to the best advantage.

*Scott.*

He that stands upon a slippery place  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

*Shakspeare.*

Thou little knowest  
 What he can brave, who, born and nurst  
 In Danger's paths, can brave her worst—  
 Upon whose ear the signal word  
 Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
 His fevered hand must grasp in waking.

*Moore.*

An illiterate king is a crowned ass.

*Italian.*

A man's diary is a record in youth of his sentiments, in middle age of his actions, in old age of his reflections.

*Adams.*

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

*Seneca.*

Without discretion, learning is pedantry and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active to his own prejudice.

*Addison.*

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

*Watson.*

The ghostly dun shall worry his sleep,  
And constables cluster around him,  
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep,  
Where their spectre eyes have found him.

*Holmes.*

From what stranger can you expect attachment, if you are at variance with your own relations?

*Latin.*

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of those who converse with us, we always believe they will tell us more truth than they do to others.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

We like to divine others, but do not like to be  
divined ourselves.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to  
reign.

*From the Italian.*

The first draught a man drinks ought to be for thirst,  
the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, the  
fourth for madness.

It is in contemplating man at a distance that we become  
benevolent.

*Bulwer.*

The most phlegmatic dispositions often contain the  
most inflammable spirits, as fire is struck from the  
hardest flints.

*Hazlitt.*

Who never doubted, never half believed;  
Where doubt, there Truth is; 'tis her shadow.

*Bailey.*

To believe with certainty, we must begin with doubt-  
ing.

*Stanislaus.*

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

*Shakspeare.*

A villain, when he most seems kind,  
Is most to be suspected.

*Lansdown.*

Where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have given reins to passion without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

*Hume.*

Those who refuse the long drudgery of thought, and think with the heart rather than the head, are ever the most fiercely dogmatic in tone.

*Bayne.*

Those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow-men are the most confident of the truth of their own.

*Mackintosh.*

The surest way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose that you are his.

*Bulwer.*

If a man's innate self-respect will not save him from habitual, disgusting intoxication, all the female influences in the universe would not avail. Man's will, like woman's, is stronger than the affections, and, once subjugated by vice, all external influences will be futile.

*Miss Evans' "Beulah."*

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!

*Cowper.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

*Pope.*

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

I could pardon him all his deceit, but I cannot forgive him supposing me capable of the gross folly of being duped by his professions.

*Scott.*

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive!

*Scott.*

Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame—  
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,  
The eye that seemed to scorn the world.

*Scott.*

Oh, how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime  
The world had wanted, had the actor said,  
“I will do this to-morrow!”

*Russell.*

The fountain of my heart dried up within me:  
With naught that loved me, and with naught to love,  
I stood upon the desert earth alone.

*Maturin.*

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;  
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring;  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

*Byron.*

Fat paunches have lean pates.

*Shakspeare.*



It is an unhappy and yet I fear a true reflection, that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul.

*Greville.*

Be it what it may, or bliss or torment,  
Annihilation dark, and endless rest,  
Or some dread thing, man's wildest range of thought  
Hath never yet conceived, that change I'll dare  
Which makes me anything but what I am.

*Joanna Baillie.*

His air and voice, his looks and honest soul,  
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,  
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

*Addison.*

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.

*Goldsmith.*

The example of good men is visible philosophy.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man  
Will not affront me, and no other can.

*Cowper.*

It's hardly in a body's power  
To keep at times frae being sour  
To see how things are shared—  
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,  
While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
And ken na how to wair't.

*Burns.*

You dig your grave with your teeth.

Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great.

*Bulwer.*

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.

*Young.*

Oh, Dick, you may talk of your writing and reading,  
Your logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding.

*Moore.*

Many men are esteemed because they are not known.

*From the French.*

If you want enemies, excel others; if friends, let  
others excel you.

*Colton.*

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,  
Too sweet to last.

*Dryden.*

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age,  
payable with interest about thirty years after date.

*Colton.*

Learning by study must be won,  
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

*Gay.*

His tongue  
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels.

*Milton.*

The body of man, oppressed by excesses, bears down  
the mind and depresses to the earth any portion of the  
divine spirit we had been endowed with.

*Horace.*

To most men, experience is like the stern-light of a  
ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.

*Coleridge.*

He cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutored in the world.

*Shakspeare.*

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap in  
imperceptible water.

*Hood.*

Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments  
of us than we do in our judgments of ourselves.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There's not so much danger in a known foe  
As a suspected friend.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest  
Till half mankind were like himself possessed.

*Cowper.*

Children of wealth or want, to each is given  
One spot of green and all the blue of heaven.

*Holmes.*

One in whom mankind lost a friend, and no one an  
enemy.

And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

*Goldsmith.*

He who will fight the devil with his own weapons must not wonder if he finds him an over-match.

*South.*

It is after the heyday of passion has subsided that our best writers have written their chef-d'œuvres, as it is after the eruption of a volcano that the neighboring land is the most fertile.

For every evil under the sun  
There's a remedy, or there's none;  
If there is one, try and find it—  
If there isn't, never mind it.

The more a man speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

*Lavater.*

The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence, or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action.

*Webster.*

We would rather speak ill of ourselves than not talk of ourselves at all.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Self-exaltation is the fool's paradise.

Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

*Thomson.*

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

*Byron.*

He who hath proved war, storm or woman's rage,  
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,  
Hath won the experience which is deemed so weighty.

*Byron.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.

*Shakspeare.*

It is only those who never think at all, or else who  
have accustomed themselves to brood invariably on  
abstract ideas, that never feel ennui.

*Hazlitt.*

A thing, you know, whiskered, great-coated and laced,  
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small at the waist.

*Moore.*

Education begins a gentleman, conversation completes  
him.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt her-  
self by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may  
lower another by a defeat.

*Colton.*

The man of pure and simple heart  
Through life disdains a double part;  
He never needs the screen of lies  
His inward bosom to disguise.

*Gay.*

It is adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds and inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed nor calls out his powers if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.

*Colton.*

Are we not like that actor of old time  
Who wore his mask so long his features took  
Its likeness?

*Miss Landon.*

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

*Shakspeare.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water.

*Shakspeare.*

He who despises fame  
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

*Mallet.*

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

*Colton.*

With fame in just proportion envy grows;  
The man that makes a character makes foes.

*Young.*

Condemn the fault but not the actor.

*Shakspeare.*

Favor exalts a man above his equals, but his dismissal from that favor places him below them.

*La Bruyère.*

No adulation ; 'tis the death of virtue ;  
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,  
Save he who courts the flattery.

*Hannah More.*

We sometimes fancy that we hate flattery, but in reality we only hate the manner of flattery.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

We endeavor to make a merit of faults we are unwilling to correct.

It belongs only to great men to have great faults.

We have few faults that are not more excusable than the means we take to conceal them.

We confess our little faults in order to persuade others that we have no great ones.

There are more faults in the humor than in the mind.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

In the intercourse of life we more often please by our faults than by our good qualities.

There are certain faults which, when turned to good account, gain more reputation than virtue.

There are some persons on whom their faults sit well, and others who are made ungraceful by their good qualities.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

*Shakspeare.*

A man's errors are what make him amiable.

*Goethe.*

In affairs of this world men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it.

Is there, kind Heaven ! no constancy in man,  
No steadfast truth, no generous fixed affection,  
That can bear up against a selfish world ?  
No, there is none.

*Thomson.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery's the food of fools ;  
Yet now and then you men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

*Swift.*

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,  
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;  
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

*Goldsmith.*

The attempt to make men believe too much naturally provokes them to believe too little.

His faith perhaps on some nice tenets might  
Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

*Cowley.*

A man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach, either of real good breeding or good morals, than appear ignorant of the most minute points of fashionable etiquette.

*Scott.*



One in whom persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
A passionate intuition.

*Wordsworth.*

By being at the top of a profession we have leisure to  
look beyond it.

*Hazlitt.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it.

*Cowper.*

And when he dies to leave his lofty name  
A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame.

*Moore.*

Who can all sense of others' his escape  
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.

*Juvenal.*

Fear invites danger—concealed cowards insult known  
ones.

*Chesterfield.*

We promise according to our hopes, and fulfill ac-  
cording to our fears.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

He that canna make sport should mar nane.

We grow callous from the excess of feeling.

*Bulwer.*

Oh, he had rather houseless roam

Where freedom and his God may lead,

Than be the sleekest slave at home

That crouches to the conqueror's creed.

*Moore.*

Fear courts the blow, fear brings the ruin on ;

Needs must the chariot-wheels of destiny

Crush him who throws himself before their track,

Patient and prostrate.

*Southey.*

Thought is deeper than all speech,

Feeling deeper than all thought ;

Souls to souls can never teach

What unto themselves was taught.

*Cranch.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,

His love sincere, his thought immaculate ;

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven is from earth.

*Shakspeare.*

The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies—half friends, half enemies—fervid enemies, warm friends.

*Lavater.*

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.

*The Bible.*

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul ; he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavy loaded, and thou must bear half. He is never in a good humor, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

*Fuller.*

Great souls in instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

*Addison.*

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

*La Fontaine.*

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

*Colton.*

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

*Shakspeare.*

When fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

*Shakspeare.*

Like summer friends,  
Flies of estate and sunshine.

*Herbert.*

There is no period in which we are more accessible to friendship than in the intervals of moral exhaustion which succeed to the disappointments of the passions.

*Bulwer.*

Beware of a reconciled friend.

*Spanish Proverb.*

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

*Solon.*

Who not needs will never lack a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

*Shakspeare.*

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

He who has a thousand friends has not one friend to spare,

And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.

To preserve a friend, three things are required: to honor him present, praise him absent and assist him in his necessities.

*Italian Proverb.*

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart,  
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

*Earl of Orrery.*

And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep?—  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?

*Goldsmith.*

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.

*Spanish Proverb.*

A friend is never known till needed.

Friends got without desert will be lost without cause.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, but not his vices.

True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice.

*Johnson.*

Purchase not friends with gifts ; when thou ceapest to give, such will cease to love.

*Fuller.*

Yes, the summer of life passes sweetly away,  
Soon the winter of age sheds its snow on the heart,  
But the warm sun of friendship that gilded youth's day  
Shall still through the dark clouds a soft ray impart.

When any one of the fine arts is cultivated exclusively, the taste of those who practice it and admire its productions loses sight of nature, simplicity and true taste.

*Scott.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

*Shakspeare.*

Of all thieves, fools are the worst ; they rob you of time and temper.

*Goethe.*

There are some men who are Fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever on their legs.

*Colton.*

A man will confess his faults, but never his follies.

*Chesterfield.*

It is the natural wish of every one to make proselytes.

*Goethe.*

It needs some sense to play the fool.

The dullness of a fool is the whetstone of his wit.

*Shakspeare.*

There is more hope of a fool than he that is wise in his own conceit.

*Solomon.*

It is a great folly for a man to muse on such things as pass his understanding.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

Ofttimes, to please fools, wise men err.

He that deals with a blockhead has need of much brains.

Madmen and fools see only through their humor.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

There are no fools so troublesome as those who have some wit.

We sometimes see a fool with wit, but never one with judgment.

There are some people fated to be fools, who not only commit follies from choice, but are compelled to commit them by fortune.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

*Pope.*

To the generous mind  
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude  
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.

*Franklin.*

Fops are ambiguous things that ape  
Goats in their visage, women in their shape.

*Byron.*

Who overcomes by force  
Hath overcome but half his foe.

*Milton.*

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

*Butler.*

Every one can master a grief but he who has it.

*Shakspeare.*

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their successes to prudence and merit.

*Swift.*

Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by Heaven,  
And for his peace of mind to man forbidden :  
Wretched were life if he foreknew his doom ;  
Even joys for ever give pleasing hope no room,  
And griefs assured are felt before they come.

*Dryden.*

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortune of others.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

In analyzing the character of heroes, it is hardly possible to separate altogether the share of Fortune from their own.

*Hallam.*

Fortune and Humor govern the world.

It requires greater virtues to support good than bad fortune.

Nature creates merit, and Fortune brings it into play.

Fortune displays our virtues and vices, as light makes objects apparent.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

*Cicero.*

Gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Men of gravity are intellectual stammerers whose thoughts move slowly.

*Hazlitt.*

Oh it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*Shakespeare.*

It is the curse of greatness to be its own destruction.



We lose the sense of what is by thinking rather what is to be.

*Bulwer.*

None think the great unhappy but the great.

*Young.*

He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces.

*Fuller.*

Almost every one takes a pleasure in requiting trifling obligations ; many people are grateful for moderate ones, but there is scarcely any one who does not show ingratitude for great ones.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Rivers which run very slowly have always the most mud at the bottom ; so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.

*Saville.*

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

*Lavater.*

Gratitude, in the generality of men, is only a strong and secret desire of receiving greater favors.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

To some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies.

*Shakspeare.*

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

*Sheridan.*

Gallantry to women (the sure road to their favor) is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes, a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself as being able to contribute toward it. The slightest indifference with regard to them or distrust of yourself is equally fatal. Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

*Hazlitt.*

I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning.

*Shakspeare.*

“Amid my vast and lofty aspirations,” says Lamartine, “the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!” Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh, many a noble nature has walked to the grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe, for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence.

*Bayne.*

There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.

*Lee.*

Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited ; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.

*Coleridge.*

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

*Swift.*

No enemy is so terrible as a man of genius.

*D'Israeli.*

Genius is the highest type of reason—talent, the highest type of the understanding.

*Hickok.*

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.

*Seneca and Aristotle.*

All great men are in some degree inspired.

*Cicero.*

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

*Longfellow.*

Genius speaks only to genius.

*Stanislaus.*

Some have the temperament and tastes of genius, without its creative power. They feel acutely, but express tamely.

*Bulwer.*

Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too.

*Shakspeare.*

Great men must be of lofty stature, whose shadows lengthen to posterity.

*Longfellow.*

The world must have great minds, even as great spheres or suns, to govern lesser restless minds.

*Bailey.*

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

*Shakspeare.*

To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day has rendered familiar,—this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent.

*Coleridge.*

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external Nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.

*Longfellow.*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

*Shakspeare.*

The greatest truths are the simplest ; so are the greatest men.

Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less, foul profanation.

*Shakspeare.*

However brilliant an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the result of a great design.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

A gentleman is a Christian in spirit that will bear a polish.

Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch, they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So it is with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals, in like manner are there epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first they grow up together, but after a while the genius of each begins to follow its own bent, and those who consorted when young, stand alone in old age.

The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity is this: the friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

*Colton.*

You may daub and bedizen the man as you will,  
But the stamp of the vulgar remains on him still.

A malady  
Preys on my heart that medicine cannot reach,  
Invisible and cureless.

*Maturin.*

A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.

*Chesterfield.*

The expression of a gentleman's face is not so much that of refinement as of flexibility, not of sensibility and enthusiasm as of indifference; it argues presence of mind rather than enlargement of ideas.

*Hazlitt.*

The look of a gentleman is little else than the reflection of the looks of the world.

*Hazlitt*

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought  
The intersected lines of thought ;  
Those furrows which the burning share  
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there ;  
Scars of the lacerating mind,  
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

*Byron.*

Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds  
Hath naught to dread from outward blow ;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.

*Byron.*

By communicating our grief we have less ; by communicating our pleasures we have more.

*Greville.*

Give a grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful at last, and we cherish it as we do some old dim picture of the dead.

The grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Light cares speak, great ones are dumb.

*Seneca.*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Shakspeare.*

If the internal griefs of every man could be read written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be objects of pity !

*Metastasio.*

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

The withered frame, the ruined mind,  
The wreck by passion left behind,  
A shriveled scroll, a scattered leaf,  
Seared by the autumn-blast of grief.

*Byron.*

Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles ; when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter—when heavily laden they neither creak nor rumble.

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful.

*Milton.*

Let no man trust the first false step  
Of guilt ; it hangs upon a precipice  
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.

*Young.*

One murder made a villain, millions a hero.  
Numbers sanctified the crime.

*Porteus.*

Good-humor is the health of the soul, sadness its poison.

*Stanislaus.*

It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than by good laws.

*Aristotle.*

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

*Wordsworth.*

We often do good that we may do evil with impunity.  
Some bad men would be less dangerous if they had  
not some goodness.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Fear guides more men to their duty than gratitude;  
for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue,  
there are ten thousand who are good only from fear of  
punishment.

They that govern most, make least noise.

*Selden.*

A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint  
will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who  
draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a won-  
derful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every  
doubt and scruple in an instant, accommodates itself to  
the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous,  
and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip  
of Macedon refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, con-  
founded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and  
at length argued them out of all their liberties.

*Addison.*

Oh how bitter a thing it is to look  
Into happiness through another man's eyes!

*Shakspeare.*

He was a man of an unbounded stomach.

*Shakspeare.*



It is a cruelty to the innocent not to punish the guilty

Men at some times are masters of their fates.

*Shakspeare.*

Then catch the moments as they fly,

And use them as ye ought, man ;

Believe me, happiness is shy,

And comes not aye when sought, man.

*Burns.*

The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

*Adam Clarke.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words—health, peace and competence.

*Pope.*

The chain of habit coils itself around the heart like a serpent, to gnaw and stifle it.

*Hazlitt.*

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they never have the spirit to enjoy.

*Sterne.*

'Tis man himself makes his own god and his own hell.

*Bailey.*

When one eye is extinguished, the other becomes more keen ; when one hand is cut off, the other becomes more powerful ; so when our reason in human things is disturbed or destroyed, our view heavenward becomes more acute and perfect.

*Scott.*

Men, as well as women, are oftener led by their hearts than their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses ; please their eyes and ears, and the work is half done.

*Chesterfield.*

He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

Those men who pass most comfortably through the world are those who possess good digestion and hard hearts.

Historians have in general more indulgence for splendid crimes than for the weakness of virtue.

*Hallam.*

He who hath health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

*Arabian.*

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto its own.

*Longfellow.*

A habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

*Shakspeare.*

Oh many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant,  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

*Scott.*

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.

*The Bible.*

The noble deeds of men are esteemed not according to the greatness of the acts themselves, but according to the ingenuity and talent of those who commemorate them.

*Sallust.*

I would rather have posterity inquire why no statues were erected to me than why they were.

*Cato.*

The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.

*Shenstone.*

It is much easier to ruin a man of principles than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.

*Colton.*

Hope is the dream of a waking man.

*Pliny.*

Mine honor is my life ; both grow in one :  
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

*Shakspeare.*

Oh be he king or subject, he's most blest  
Who in his home finds happiness and peace.

*Goethe.*

'Tis ever common  
That men are merriest when afar from home.

*Shakspeare.*

I believe there are few young men, and those very sturdy moralists, who would not rather be taxed with some moral peccadillo than with want of knowledge in horsemanship.

*Scott's "Rob Roy."*

Without hearts there is no home.

*Byron.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
Man never is, but always to be, blest.

*Pope.*

The food of hope is meditated action.

*Bulwer.*

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

*Wordsworth.*

With one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other took a shilling out.

*Pollok.*

He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven  
To serve the devil in.

*Pollok.*

Hypocrisy is the homage vice renders to virtue.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face  
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

*Addison.*

Hypocrisy is a mask to deceive the world, not to impose on ourselves ; for once detect the delinquent in his knavery, and he laughs in your face or glories in his iniquity.

*Hazlitt.*

Trust not in him that seems a saint.

*Fuller.*

The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart  
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.

*Young.*

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,  
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,  
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien  
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine.

*Pindar.*

Few men are raised in our estimation by being closely examined.

*French Proverb.*

Search others for thy virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

*Fuller.*

Disgust concealed  
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault  
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

*Cowper.*

An undevout astronomer is mad.

*Young.*

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health  
Are rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

*Young*

His warm but simple home, where he enjoys  
With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,  
Sweet converse.

*Cowper.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

*Shakspeare.*

Common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth ; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

*Swift.*

Do what he will, he cannot realize  
Half he conceives, the glorious vision flies.  
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find  
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.

*Rogers.*

A man who tries all creeds and professions is a theological or professional coquette, his whole life a rapid pirouette.

In the torpor which succeeds the frenzy of the insane the animal portion gains by the repose of the intellectual.

*Bulwer.*

The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

*Rogers.*

Too much eagerness to requite an obligation is a species of ingratitude.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalions, which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honor, in the conflicts of human life.

*Scott's "Red Gauntlet."*

Imagination cannot invent as many different contraries as naturally exist in the heart of every individual.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Absence of occupation is not rest ;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

*Cowper.*

Life's cares are comforts, such by Heaven designed ;  
He that has none must make them or be wretched.  
Cares are employments, and without employ  
The soul is on the rack—the rack of rest.  
To souls most adverse, action all their joy.

*Young.*

New, bold and inspiring ideas are only born of a clear head that stands over a glowing heart. The most precious wine is produced on the sides of volcanoes.

Ideas are like beards—men never have any until they grow up, and women none at all.

*Voltaire.*

Our ideas are transformed sensations.

*Condillac.*

When drink goes in a man, wit goes out.

Intemperance weaves the winding sheet of souls, and lays them in the urn of everlasting sleep.

The idle man's brain is the Devil's workshop.

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

Evil thoughts intrude in an unemployed mind as naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool.

*Latin Proverb.*

Idlers are the most busy, though the least active, of men. Men of pleasure never have time for anything. No lawyer, no statesman, no bustling, hurrying, restless underling of the counter, is so eternally occupied as a loungeur about town. He is linked to labor by a series of indefinable nothings.

*Bulwer's "Falkland."*

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

*Colton.*

It is impossible for the full sympathies of the heart to coexist with absolute antipathy of the intellect.

By ignorance is pride increased ;  
They most assume, who know the least.

*Gay.*

Three things a wise man will not trust—  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted faith.

*Southey.*

I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind as the servile imitation of others.

*Greville.*



The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

*La Bruyère.*

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.

*Goethe.*

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one, for he injures both friends and foes.

*Addison.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemployed.

*Byron.*

Better untaught than ill-taught.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

*Seneca.*

True conscious honor is to feel no sin ;  
He's armed without that's innocent within.

*Horace.*

Exalted souls  
Have passions in proportion violent,  
Resistless and tormenting ; they're a tax  
Imposed by Nature on pre-eminence.

*Lillo.*

Striving to better, we oft mar what's well.

*Shakspeare.*

Let no one who begins an innovation in a state, expect that he shall stop it at his pleasure or regulate it according to his intentions.

*Machiavelli.*

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.

*Wm. Hamilton.*

And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.

*Wordsworth.*

People who live the most by themselves reflect the most upon others, while he who lives surrounded by the million thinks only of self. We are so linked to our fellow-beings that when we are not chained to them by action, we are carried to and connected with them by thought.

*Bulwer's "Falkland."*

In the world Falkland might have dissipated his thoughts; in loneliness he concentrated them, for the passions are like the sounds of Nature—heard only in solitude.

*Bulwer.*

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

If little labor, little are our gains ;  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

*Herrick.*

The offender never pardons.

*Italian Proverb.*

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought up against him on some subsequent occasion.

*Johnson.*

Injuries accompanied with insults are never forgiven; all men on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest.

*Colton.*

Love of justice, in the generality of men, is only the fear of suffering from injustice.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

An injury done to one is a threat held out to a hundred.

*Bacon.*

The public has more interest in the punishment of an injury than he who receives it.

*Cato.*

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

Men should be taught as if you taught them not,  
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

*Pope.*

There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy. Hence we are seldom influenced much by those who are greatly our seniors in age.

*Bulwer.*

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons and the time.

*Colton.*

Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmation strong  
As proof of holy writ.

*Shakspeare.*

To smile at a jest which plants a thorn in another  
man's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Sheridan.*

Jests enrage more than arguments, but buffoons ever  
have the populace they make laugh as a body-guard,  
while thinkers walk in groups.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it.

*Shakspeare.*

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

*Shenstone.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

*Johnson.*

Jealousy lives upon doubts; it becomes madness or  
ceases entirely as soon as we pass from doubt to cer-  
tainty.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature  
and the most common, with a person who is not well-  
bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.

*La Bruyère.*

A man of gladness seldom falls into madness.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

*Scotch.*

Rigid justice toward men is the greatest injustice.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly and to decide impartially.

*Socrates.*

No man may be both accuser and judge.

*Plutarch.*

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

*Pope.*

Every one complains of his memory, and no one of his judgment.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

*Pope.*

He that cheates me ance, shame fa' him; if he cheates me twice, shame fa' me.

I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity those who know less.

*Sir Thomas Browne.*

He that sips of many arts drinks none.

*Fuller.*

Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men—  
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

*Cowper.*

He knows what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

*Butler.*

To despise our species is the price we must often pay  
for our knowledge of it.

*Colton.*

The profoundly wise do not declaim against superficial  
knowledge in others, as much as the profoundly ignorant.

*Colton.*

Commonly, physicians, like beer, are best when they  
are old, and lawyers, like bread, when they are young  
and new.

*Fuller.*

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions.  
To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

*Bailey.*

Kings are remarkable for long memories in the merest  
trifles.

*Haslitt.*

Kindness by secret sympathy is tried,  
For noble souls in nature are allied.

*Dryden.*

Characters that in youth have been most volatile and  
most worldly, often, when bowed down and dejected by  
the adversity which they are not fit to encounter, become  
the most morbidly devout; they ever require an excitement,  
and when earth denies it they seek it impatiently  
from heaven.

*Bulwer.*

The man whom Heaven appoints  
To govern others, should himself first learn  
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

*Thomson.*

The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,  
Delirious, yet divine to know,  
Around to roam, above aspire,  
And drink the breath of Heaven below.

*Bulwer.*

The good need fear no law ;  
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

*Massinger.*

Pettifoggers in law and empirics in medicine have held from time immemorial the fee simple of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution nor tax—the folly and ignorance of mankind.

*Colton.*

When a person renders himself absolute, he immediately thinks of reducing the number of laws.

*Montesquieu.*

Hide nothing from thy minister, physician and lawyer.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

Our passions never die, but in the last cantos of life's romantic epochs, like Ariosto's buried heroes, they rise up to do battle.

*Longfellow.*

When I hear a man talk of an unalterable law, I think he is an unalterable fool.

Law-makers should not be law-breakers.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter ; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at ?

*Greville.*

Frequent and loud laughing is the characteristic of folly and ill-manners. True wit never made a man laugh.

*Chesterfield.*

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time ; giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion ; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

*Longfellow.*

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself ; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

*Steele.*

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,  
And play the fool because they're men of sense.

*Young.*

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords  
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,  
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

*Young*



For the more languages a man can speak,  
His talent has but sprung a greater leak ;  
Yet he that is but able to express  
No sense at all in several languages,  
Will pass for learned than he that's known  
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

*Butler.*

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

*Seneca.*

He subjects himself to be seen as through a microscope who is caught in a fit of passion.

*Lavater.*

The three things most difficult to do, are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true ;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too ;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

Sorrow is knowledge ; they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest on the fatal truth—  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

*Byron.*

If I might control the literature of the household,  
I would guarantee the well-being of Church and State.

*Bacon.*

If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a  
village; if you would know, though you be not known,  
live in a city.

*Colton.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born,  
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds  
Refuse or crouch beneath their load; the brave  
Bear theirs without repining.

*Thomson.*

It is by the bounty of Nature that we live, but of phil-  
osophy that we live well.

*Seneca.*

One half the world knows not how the other half  
lives.

We are born crying, live complaining and die dis-  
appointed.

The end of a dissolute life is commonly a desperate  
death.

*Bion.*

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn,  
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

*Prior.*

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but  
depraves the frivolous.

*Madame de Staël.*

A useless life is but an early death.

*Goethe.*

Life's a jest, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once and now I know it.

*Gay.*

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

*Longfellow.*

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

*Bailey.*

Full oft have letters caused the writers  
To curse the day they were inditers.

*Butler.*

The love of liberty with life is given,  
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.

*Dryden.*

He who stabs you in the dark with a pen would do  
the same with a penknife, were he equally safe from  
detection and the law.

*Quintillian.*

The simple love of public liberty is too general, too  
abstract a passion to glow warmly in the human breast,  
and is invigorated or extinguished by personal animosi-  
ties and predilections.

*Hallam.*

Success prompts to exertion, and habit facilitates success.

*Haslitt.*

The wish, which ages have not yet subdued  
In man, to have no master save his mood.

*Byron.*

Liberality is not in giving largely, but wisely.

A liar should have a good memory.

The greatest fools are the greatest liars.

*Chesterfield.*

Akin in features, but in heart  
As far as earth and heaven apart.

*Moore.*

Like, but oh, how different !

*Wordsworth.*

The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age, but those of a Scott or a Shakspeare will be renewed with greater lustre in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.

*Prescott.*

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men and some women much more by listening than by talking.

*Colton.*

Loquacity is the fistula of the soul, ever running and never cured.

Where a sight shall shuddering sorrow find  
Sad as the ruin of a human mind ?

*Bowles.*

A little lying is a dangerous thing ;  
Go your whole length, or never make a spring.

The first step toward useful knowledge is to be able to  
detect falsehood.

*Latin.*

Being our own master means that we are at liberty to  
be the slave of our own follies, caprices and passions.

The dignity of man into your hands is given ;  
Oh keep it well : with you it sinks or lifts itself to heaven.

*Schiller.*

Each man has more of four things than he knows.  
What four are these ? Sins, debts, fears and woes.

*French.*

Soldiers always live in idleness or peril.

*Procter.*

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the  
philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute, and every man  
disagreeable.

*Chesterfield.*

He that dies a martyr proves that he was not a knave,  
but by no means that he was not a fool.

*Colton.*

He is but the counterfeit of a man who has not the  
life of a man.

*Shakspeare.*

Nature never yet made such a man as Macaulay paints.

*Dixon.*

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinctions, sweetens conversation, and makes every one pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.

*Addison.*

The true art of being agreeable is rather to appear to receive entertainment from others than to bring entertainment to them.

*Addison.*

A man's good breeding is the best security against another's bad manners.

*Chesterfield.*

Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of being so.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.

*Middleton.*

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

*Greville.*

This wretched brain gave way  
And became a wreck, at random driven,  
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.

*Moore.*

Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

*Addison.*

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

We see a world of pains taken and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and after all the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is that wisdom, valor, justice and learning cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behavior called good breeding.

*Steele.*

There is a pleasure in being mad  
Which none but madmen know.

*Dryden.*

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This is a man.

*Shakspeare.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man !  
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
A worm ! a god !

*Young.*

Lone, wild and strange, he stood alike exempt  
From all affection and from all contempt.

*Byron.*

The way to conquer men is by their passions.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn every thing that is beyond their range.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

There is merit without elevation, but no elevation without some merit.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

A strong memory is generally coupled with an infirm judgment.

*Montague.*

The mark of extraordinary merit is to see those most envious constrained to praise.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Men are a sort of animal, that if ever they are constant, it is only when they are ill-used.

*Lady Montague.*

The day that witnesses the conversion of our ministers into political and philosophical speculators or scientific lecturers, will witness the final decay of clerical weight and influence.

*Bayne.*

Poets say that clouds assume the form of countries over which they have passed, and, moulding themselves upon the valleys, plains and mountains, acquire their shape and move with them over the skies. This resembles certain men, whose genius being, as it were, acquisitive, models itself upon the epoch in which it lives, and assumes all the individuality of the nation to which it belongs.

*Lamartine's "Mirabeau."*



Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.  
*Shakspeare.*

Our mistrust justifies the deceit of others.  
*La Rochefoucauld.*

The little mind that loves itself will write and think  
with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric  
and scorn the beaten road.

*Goldsmith.*

A wise man is never less alone than when alone.  
*Swift.*

A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume  
the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are  
soonest found to wear out their settings.

*Goldsmith.*

For just experience tells in every soil,  
That those who think must govern those who toil.  
*Goldsmith.*

Who hath not known ill-fortune never knew himself  
or his own virtue.

*Mallet.*

Mimicry is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery.

*Chesterfield.*

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen  
to one than a little, since a great deal will arouse us to  
remove what a little will only accustom us to endure.

*Greville.*

Straining breaks the bow, and relaxation the mind.  
*Latin.*

A soul without reflection, like a pile  
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

*Young.*

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand one cannon ball than a volley of bullets.

*Colten.*

Narrowness of mind is the cause of obstinacy, as we do not easily believe what is beyond our sight.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body.

*Cicero.*

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, must come in contact with other minds.

*Longfellow.*

Each of us, the best as well as the worst, hides within him something, some feeling, some remembrance, which, if it were known, would make you hate him.

*Goethe.*

If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor.

*Longfellow.*

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,  
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

*Churchill.*

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

*Milton.*

The mind's the standard of the man.

*Watts.*

Misanthropic reflections have their sources in philanthropic sentiments.

*Hazlitt.*

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.

*Dyer.*

Misers recede in happiness in proportion as their wealth increases, as the moon when it is fullest of light is farthest from the sun.

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity discovers virtue

*Bacon.*

Those, who bear misfortunes over-meekly,  
Do but persuade mankind that they and want  
Are too fitly matched to be disjoined,  
And so to it they leave them.

*Joanna Bailie.*

He that's merciful  
Unto the bad is cruel to the good.

*Randolph.*

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never.

*Cowper.*

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.

*West.*

But in that instant o'er his soul  
 Winters of memory seemed to roll,  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime.  
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
 Such moment pours the grief of years.

*Byron.*

It is an easy thing to please or astonish a mob, but essentially to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger.

*Colton.*

The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live,  
 But souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more.

*Elliott.*

Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn and inflexible enjoy generally a greater share of dignity than of happiness.

*Bacon.*

Where a man has a passion for meditating without the capacity of thinking, a particular idea fixes itself fast, and soon creates a mental disease.

*Goethe.*

Modesty is the lowest of the virtues, and is a confession of the deficiency it indicates. He who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others.

*Haslitt.*

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
 Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,  
 And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
 Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.

*Cowper.*

Great names debase instead of elevating those who cannot sustain them.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions, if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

*Johnson.*

Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

To him, who has been sated and disappointed by the actual and intelligible, there is a profound charm in the unattainable and inscrutable.

Music has the power to charm us

When turned from Nature's simple truth—

From cold and foreign ways to warm us

With the old feeling of our youth.

*Schiller.*

Generally the least intellectual persons sing with the truest and most touching expression, because voice and intellect are rarely combined.

*Bayard Taylor.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;

Some chord in union with what we hear

Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

*Cowper*

The mighty German music, which is the proper minstrelsy of a nation of men, a music of philosophy, of heroism, of the intellect and imagination, beside which the strains of modern Italy are indeed effeminate, fantastic and artificially feeble.

*Bulwer's "Maltravers."*

But hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity.

*Wordsworth.*

Murmur at nothing. If our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

*Colton.*

Men naturally love to be cheated, and, provided the imposter is not too barefaced, will meet you halfway with all their hearts.

*Tom Brown.*

Nature, having given all the sin,  
Forgot to put the virtues in.

Nothing is lost on him who sees  
With an eye that genius gave;  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.

*Moore.*

Nature's kindling breath  
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand  
Must string his nerves and imp his eagle wings.

*Akenside.*

There is a vast deal of hypocrisy in the affected admiration of Nature.

*Bulwer.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

*Shakspeare.*

In contemplation of created things,  
By steps we may ascend to God.

*Milton.*

A man may twist as he pleases, and do what he pleases,  
but he inevitably comes back to the track to which Nature has destined him.

*Goethe.*

If a man hate at all, he will hate his next neighbor.

*Johnson.*

There is reason to believe that a people are waning  
to decay and ruin the moment that their life becomes  
fascinating, either in the poet's imagination or the painter's eye.

*Hawthorne.*

When fear admits no hope of safety,  
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

*Herrick.*

Put a coward on his mettle and he'll fight like the devil.

By night an atheist half believes there is a God.

*Young.*

An atheist has got one point beyond the Devil.

A nickname is the heaviest stone the Devil can throw  
at a man.

The more the merrier—the fewer the better cheer.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

*Pope.*

Many young orators aspire to be a Cicero or Demosthenes hoping thereby to be credited with some of the genius of their great prototype, while in fact they have shown nothing of Cicero but his snort, and of Demosthenes but his stammer.

A desire to resist oppression is implanted in the nature of men.

*Tacitus.*

Poets are born, but orators are made.

Orators are most vehement when they have the weakest cause, as men get on horseback when they cannot walk.

*Cicero.*

We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged than those who have obliged us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The golden opportunity  
Is never offered twice ; seize then the hour  
When Fortune smiles and Duty points the way.

He scratched his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrassed people have recourse.

*Byron.*

Opportunity has hair in front, but behind she is bald ; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

*Latin Proverb.*



They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.

No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development.

*Pliny.*

Opportunity makes the thief.

There sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed, as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

*Greville.*

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

*Cicero.*

We think few people sensible who differ from us in opinion.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The most useful wisdom is when public officers practice what philosophers teach.

Every base occupation makes a man sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.

*Sidney.*

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel; our reason is the pilot that steers her: without the winds she would not move, without the pilot she would be lost.

*From the French.*

The bravest trophy ever man obtained  
Is that which, o'er himself, himself hath gained.

The ruling passion, be it what it will—  
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

*Pope.*

The master passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

In the human breast  
Two master passions cannot coexist.

*Campbell.*

Whenever you would persuade or prevail, address yourself to the passions; it is by them mankind is to be taken.

*Chesterfield.*

The men of sense, the idols of the shallow, are very inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.

*Helvetius.*

In solitude the passions feed upon the heart.

*Bulwer.*

Look not mournfully into the past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

*Longfellow.*

He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man

*Beattie.*

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than our strength.

Passion often makes a madman of the cleverest man, and renders the greatest fools clever.

The passions are the only orators that always persuade.

When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

There is going on in the human breast a perpetual generation of passion.

The passions often engender their contraries.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Passion, when deep, is still ; the glaring eye  
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,  
The lip that curls and writhes in bitterness,  
The brow contracted till its wrinkles hide  
The keen, fixed orbs that burn and flash below,  
The hand firm clenched and quivering, and the foot  
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart  
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.

*Percival.*

How poor are they that have not patience !  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

*Shakspeare*

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,  
In action faithful and in honor clear,  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend :  
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept and honored by the Muse he loved.

*Pope,*

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

*Johnson.*

Patience under old injuries invites new ones.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from.

*Coleridge.*

One should make a serious study of a pastime.

*Alexander the Great.*

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—when one ascends the other descends.

*Bishop Hopkins.*

We easily pardon in our friends those faults that do not concern us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

*Young.*

We seldom praise but to be praised.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

*Pope.*

Patience in cowards is tame, hopeless fear,  
But in brave minds a scorn of what they bear.

To be confident of pleasing is often an infallible means  
of displeasing.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Faint praise is disparagement.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

*Dryden.*

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

*Herrick.*

Physicians mend or end us  
Secundum artem; but although we sneer  
In health, when sick we call them to attend us,  
Without the least propensity to jeer.

*Byron.*

The sick chamber of the patient is the kingdom of the  
physician.

*Scott.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

*Young.*

Oh, there is not in life a pleasure so sweet  
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet,  
To puff an Havana whose flavor just suits,  
And gaze at the world through the toes of your boots.

Please the eyes and ears, and you will win the heart.

*Chesterfield.*

Though sages may pour out their hidden treasure,  
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

*Byron.*

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure,  
but the harvest is reaped in years by pain.

*Colton.*

Remember, when the judgment's weak,  
The prejudice is strong.

A man to be successful, conspicuous, applauded, should not retire upon the centre of his conscious resources, but be always at the circumference of appearances.

*Hazlitt.*

Many men wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills.

*Shakspeare.*

All presentiments that are confirmed by events give man a higher idea of himself.

*Goethe.*

He pointed out to others, and he trod  
Himself, the path to virtue and to God.

The tears of the congregation are the praises of the minister.

Man is a military animal,  
Glories in gunpowder, and loves parade.

*Bailey.*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

*Pope.*

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

*Lavater.*

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself.

We may recover out of the darkness of ignorance, but never out of that of presumption.

*Stanislaus.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself.

*Shakspeare.*

The generous heart  
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

*Thomson.*

I pity him, but do not dare to show it;  
It adds to some men's misery not to know it.

Pity is often a perception of our own misfortunes in those of others. We succor others in order to engage them to succor us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

For though with men of high degree  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.

*Scott.*

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

*Colton.*

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.

*Greville.*

There's nothing agrees worse than a proud mind and beggar's purse.

Pride is equal in all men; the only difference is the means and manner of displaying it.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

To be proud of an hereditary title is to flaunt in dead men's clothes.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

*Pope.*

Many men do not allow their principles to take root,  
but pull them up every now and then, as children do  
flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.

*Longfellow.*

When pride thaws, look for floods.

*Bailey.*

If on the sudden he begins to rise,  
No man that lives can count his enemies.

*Middleton.*

A felon's cell,  
The fittest earthly type of hell.

*Whittier.*

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.

*Shakspeare.*

Men apt to promise are apt to forget.



He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

*Rousseau.*

If you wish to fit yourself for the dark world, it will be time enough to learn its dark language after you have prepared for it by more decent sins.

*Todd.*

No one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to anything else.

*Temple.*

Poets resemble race-horses—must be fed, not fattened.

*Charles IX.*

Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;  
They learn in sorrow what they teach in song.

*Shelley.*

Man is a poetic animal.

*Hazlitt.*

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

*Greville.*

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding.

*Stanislaus.*

The populace condemn what they do not understand.

*Cicero.*

The poor but swell the list of columned ciphers.

*Bailey.*

Poverty eclipses the brightest virtues, and is the very sepulchre of brave designs, depriving a man of the means to accomplish what Nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest thoughts in their embryo.

Through tattered clothes, small vices do appear ;  
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

*Shakspeare.*

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the best heads.

*Colton.*

The most deadly hatred is that which men exasperated by proscription and forfeiture bear their country.

*Hallam.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.

When a stronger man gives me a smarting stroke,  
I act as if 'twere done in joke ;  
But if of my equals he chance to be,  
I know how to strike as well as he.

*Goethe.*

Posthumous glory is a revenue payable to our ghosts, an ignis fatuus, the glowworm of the grave.

Who feels no ills,  
Should therefore fear them; and when Fortune smiles  
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come  
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.

*Sophocles.*

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they speak.

*Colton.*

The hour's come, but not the man.

*Kelpie.*

The wit of language is much inferior to the wit of ideas.

The man who would not scruple to make a pun, would not hesitate to commit a burglary.

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected is the most inveterate.

*Tacitus.*

There are some bad qualities which make great talents.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

To a man full of questions give no answer at all.

*Plato.*

Things taken from the pinions of one goose are used to spread the opinions of another.

From powerful causes spring the empiric's gains—

Man's love of life, his weakness and his pains ;

These first induce him the vile trash to try,

Then lend his name that other men may buy.

*Crabbe.*

Every error of the mind is the more conspicuous and culpable in proportion to the rank of the person who commits it.

*Juvenal.*

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life : by indifference, which is the most common ; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious ; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

There's naught so much disturbs one's patience  
 As little minds in lofty stations ;  
 'Tis like that sort of painful wonder  
 Which slender columns laboring under  
 Enormous arches give beholders.

*Moore.*

The timid and weak are the most revengeful and implacable.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.

*Bacon.*

And if we do but watch the hour,  
 There never yet was human power  
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
 The patient search and vigil long  
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

*Byron.*

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave

*Drummond.*

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
 To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

*Shakspeare.*

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake ;  
 The first may turn, but not avenge the blow ;  
 The last expires, but leaves no living foe.

*Byron.*

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

*Pope.*

Men will wrangle for religion ; write for it ; fight for it ; die for it ; anything but live for it.

*Colton.*

The recollection of one upward hour  
Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer  
The darkness of despondency than years  
Of gayety and pleasure.

*Percival.*

Religious contention is the Devil's harvest.

*French Proverb.*

Never trust anybody not of sound religion, for he that is false to God is false to man.

Nightly forbear to close thine eyes to rest  
Ere thou hast questioned well thy conscious breast,  
What sacred duty thou hast left undone,  
What act committed which thou oughtst to shun.

*Pythagoras.*

Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done, as fear of its consequences to us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Respect is better secured by exacting than soliciting it.

*Greville.*

Courage, if crowned with success, is heroism ; if clouded by defeat, temerity.

*Colton.*

Souls diseased  
Must have their remedy, and where disease  
Is rooted deep, the remedy is long, perforce, and painful.

Reconciliation with our enemies is only a desire of bettering our condition, a weariness of contest and the fear of some disaster.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Always I had an aversion to your apostles of freedom ;  
Each but sought for himself freedom to do what he  
would.

*Goethe.*

Refinement creates beauty everywhere. It is the grossness of the spectator that discovers anything like grossness in the object.

*Hazlitt.*

Those that are the least lenient to our errors are invariably our relations.

*Bulwer.*

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

*Shakspeare.*

Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing ; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge.

*Bishop Hall.*

Be just and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's.

*Shakspeare.*

An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it,  
and at length to relax into a supine neglect.

*Burke.*

If a man wish to become rich, he must appear to be rich.

*Goldsmith.*

If rich, be not elated ; if poor, be not dejected.

*Socrates.*

Can wealth give happiness? Look around and see  
What gay distress, what splendid misery !  
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour  
The mind annihilates, and asks for more.

*Young.*

A great fortune is a great slavery.

A rascal grown rich has lost all his kindred.

A rich man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to  
be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

*La Bruyère.*

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

If the senses of enjoyment of the great become more  
easily pampered with a sickly apathy, so also, if they can  
outlive satiety, they have more resources at their com-  
mand.

*Bulwer.*

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest.

*Shakspeare.*

Anticipated rents and bills unpaid  
Force many a shining youth into the shade,  
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,  
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.

*Cowper.*

Since we cannot attain to greatness, let us revenge ourselves by railing at it.

*Montague.*

We are never so ridiculous from the qualities we have, as from those we affect to have.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Many a man would have turned rogue if he knew how.

*Hazlitt.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.

*Shakspeare.*

The man that never breaks a rule  
Is little better than a fool.

It little profits a man to be ruler of many kingdoms and the slave of many vices.

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargement too ;  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

*Pope.*

Little persons are commonly choleric. A little pot is soon hot.



When the heart is past hope, the face is past shame.

The feathered arrow of satire has oft been wet with the heart's blood of its victims.

*D'Israeli.*

He who rests satisfied in merely defending himself against sarcasm and abuse is always a loser.

*Goethe.*

The warrior, from whose force the lion flies,  
Falls by the serpent's tooth.

*Southey.*

But when men think they most in safety stand,  
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

*Drayton.*

He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.

*Hebrew Proverb.*

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.

*Greville.*

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.

*Longfellow.*

The wild force of genius has often been fated by Nature to be finally overcome by quiet strength. The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force, as if it would strike the stars, but the calm, resistless hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it to the earth.

*Bayne.*

Man is soon inured to slavery, and quickly learns  
Submission, when of freedom quite deprived.

*Goethe.*

To whom you betray your secret you sell your liberty.

How can we expect another to keep a secret if we  
cannot keep it ourselves?

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Secresy is the soul of all great designs. Perhaps more  
has been effected by concealing our own intentions than  
by discovering those of our enemy.

*Colton.*

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a  
fool ; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his  
interest to tell it ; but women and young men are very  
apt to tell what secrets they know from the vanity of  
having been trusted.

*Chesterfield.*

That brow in furrowed lines had fixed at last,  
That spake of passions, but of passions past ;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the wound.

*Byron.*

There was a lurking devil in his sneer.

*Byron.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise,  
And inward self-disparagement affords  
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

*Wordsworth.*

It is never so difficult to speak as when we are ashamed of our silence.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

When words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

*Shakspeare.*

Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who mistrusts himself.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

A man's profundity may keep him from converse on a first interview, and his caution on a second ; but I should suspect his emptiness if he carried on his reserve to a third.

*Colton.*

Silence is a virtue to those who are deficient in understanding.

He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.

No man was ever deceived so much by another as by himself.

*Greville.*

Everybody knows worse of himself than he knows of other men.

*Johnson.*

By affecting to be worse than we are, we become popular and get credit for being honest fellows. Be frank in words, and nobody will suspect hypocrisy in your designs.

*Bulwer.*

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

*Shakspeare.*

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust.

Self-love is not so great a sin as self-forgetting.

*Shakspeare.*

How cold he listens to some bankrupt's woe,  
Nods his wise head, and cries, "I told you so!"

*Sprague.*

Our virtues disappear when put in competition with  
our interests.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

If sensuality were happiness, beasts were happier than  
men.

*Seneca.*

Men in excess of happiness or misery are equally inclined to severity. Witness conquerors and monks! It is mediocrity alone, and a mixture of prosperous and adverse fortune, that inspire us with lenity and pity.

*Montesquieu.*

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

*Thomson.*

Verily, old servants are the vouchers of worthy house-keeping.

*Irving.*

Popular fury finds its counterpart in courtly servility.

*Haslitt.*

The chamber of sickness is the chapel of devotion.

Be not too familiar with thy servants ; at first it may beget love, but in the end will breed contempt.

*Fuller.*

No improvement that takes place in either sex can possibly be confined to itself. Each is a universal mirror to each, and the respective refinement of the one will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

*Colton.*

The treachery of a servant to his master begins with curiosity.

*Hugo.*

He who lacks strength must attain his purpose by skill.

*Scott.*

The sick man acts a foolish part who makes his physician his heir.

*Latin Proverb.*

The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul.

The Devil was sick—

The Devil a monk would be ;

The Devil was well—

The Devil a monk was he.

*Rabelais.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

*Shakspeare.*

Whose nature is so far from doing harm,  
That he suspects none.

*Shakspeare.*

Weak persons cannot be sincere.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Society is now one polished horde,

Formed of two mighty tribes—the bores and bored.

*Byron.*

The best society will not endure dilettanteism, and whatever a man's knowledge of an art, he must not display it so as to make the ignorance of others painful to them. Conversation must never be one-sided.

It is as great an accomplishment to listen with an air of interest and attention, as to speak well, and it is in the character of a listener you can most readily detect the man who is accustomed to good society.

*Hartley.*

The worst society is some relief;

You'll feel yourself a man with other men.

In men this blunder still you'll find:

All think their little set mankind.

*H. More*

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for.

*Chesterfield.*

A knowledge of the world takes away the freedom and simplicity of thought as effectually as the contagion of its example.

*Hazlitt.*

His eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming.

*Poe.*

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude !  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

*Cowper.*

Oh, lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,  
Who think it solitude to be alone !

*Young.*

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

*Johnson.*

He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow.

*Bailey.*

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

*Longfellow.*

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain ;  
Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths.

*Bailey.*

Sorrow is a stone that crushes a single bearer to the ground, while two are able to carry it with ease.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.

*Shakspeare.*

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin run darkly the while.

*Moore.*

Through the wide world he only is alone  
Who lives not for another.

*Rogers.*

For solitude, however some may rave,  
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,  
A sepulchre, in which the living lie,  
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.

*Cowper.*

Solitude is sometimes best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.

*Milton.*

The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.

*Bailey.*

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers,  
but ere the pure and fresh buds can open they are  
trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and  
crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

*Jean Paul.*

Dost thou know the fate of soldiers?  
They're but Ambition's tools, to cut a way  
To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,  
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown aside  
To rust in peace and rot in hospitals.

Let us think less of men and more of God.



The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

*Goldsmith.*

The blood of the soldier makes the glory of the  
general.

Individuals sometimes forgive, societies never do.

*Chesterfield.*

It is success that colors all in life ;  
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest ;  
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world  
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.

*Thomson.*

Success affords us the means of securing additional  
success, as the possession of capital enables us to increase  
our pecuniary gains.

*Stanislaus.*

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain,  
For men judge actions always by events.

Those who are incapable of committing great crimes  
do not easily suspect others of them.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evi-  
dence of a man's own.

*Montague.*

It is hardly possible to suspect another without having  
in one's self the seeds of baseness the party is accused of.

*Stanislaus.*

No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him ; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will.

Some are never strangers ;  
But, as soon as seen, the soul, as if by instinct,  
Springs toward them with resistless force, and owns  
Congenial sympathy.

'Tis not a statesman's virtue to be just.

If any one desire thee to be his surety, give him a part  
of what thou hast to spare ; if he press thee further, he is  
not thy friend, for friendship rather chooseth harm to  
itself than offereth it. Thy return will be this : if thou  
force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he  
will become thy enemy ; if thou pay it thyself, thou wilt  
become a beggar.

*Raleigh.*

The submitting to one wrong brings on another.

Superstition renders a man a fool, skepticism makes  
him mad.

A surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and  
a lady's hand.

One of those well-oiled dispositions which turn on  
the hinges of the world without creaking.

*Longfellow.*

Never join with your friend when he abuses his house  
and his wife, unless the one is about to be sold and the  
other to be buried.

*Colton.*

All that is indispensable for the enjoyment of the milder form of supernatural awe is, first, you should be susceptible of a slight shuddering, which creeps over you when you hear a tale of terror; another symptom is a momentary hesitation to look around you when the interest of the narrative is at its highest; and the third, a desire to avoid looking into the mirror when you are alone in the evening in your chamber.

*Scott.*

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Scott.*

A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

*Colton.*

An open countenance, but close thoughts.

Men may have the gifts both of talent and wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate the when, the where, the how those gifts are to be exerted, the possessors of them will be doomed to conquer only when nothing is to be gained, but to be defeated where everything is to be lost: they will be outdone by men of less brilliant but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength in one point is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another.

*Colton.*

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

Two things indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

*Persian Proverb.*

Ingenuity is genius in trifles.

Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

*Johnson.*

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry, and it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.

*Hazlitt.*

Men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The science of tactics is studied by the pusillanimous, like that of medicine by the sick.

*Hallam.*

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years.

Words once spoken can never be recalled.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

*Raleigh.*

A wise man reflects before he speaks ; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.

*French Proverb.*

He who indulges in liberty of speech will hear things in return which he will not like.

*Terence.*

Our self-love endures with greater impatience the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

*Pope.*

If thou speakest what thou wilt, thou shalt hear what thou wouldst not.

*Bias.*

While in thy lips thy words thou dost confine,  
Thou art their lord ; once uttered, they are thine.

The instability of our tastes is the occasion of the irregularity of our lives.

*Stanislaus.*

The sooner thou beginnest to help Nature, the sooner she will forsake thee and leave thee to trust altogether to art.

*Raleigh.*

Humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome, you share his guilt.

*Johnson.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done !

*Shakspeare.*

The waters that are the stillest run the deepest, and  
the foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till  
he strikes.

And he, the light and vain one—for him there never wakes  
That love for which a woman's heart will beat until it  
breaks.

*Miss Landon.*

Men are more often guilty of treachery from weakness  
of character than from any settled design to betray.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The man who rises on his country's ruin,  
Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief ;  
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasure !  
His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,  
Steal in unseen and stab him in his triumph.

*Martyn.*

The man who pauses on the paths of treason  
Halts on a quicksand—the first step engulfs him.

*Hill.*

The choleric man drinks, the melancholic eats, the  
phlegmatic sleeps.

We can mock at the fury of the elements, for they are  
less terrible than the passions of the heart—at the devas-  
tations of the awful skies, for they are less than the  
wrath of man.

*Bulwer.*

It is in the conflicts of Nature that man most feels his littleness.

Oh let not woman's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks !

*Shakspeare.*

By giving fair names to foul actions, those who would start at real vice are led to practice its lessons under the guise of virtue.

*Scott.*

A wager is a fool's argument.

Those who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of great ones.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Frivolous curiosity about trifles and laborious attention to little objects lower a man, who from thence is thought incapable of greater matters.

*Chesterfield.*

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

*Macaulay.*

Desire not to live long, but to live well ;  
How long we live, not years but actions tell.

This, above all : to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Shakspeare.*

Keep thy tongue, and keep thy friend ; for few words cover much wisdom, and a fool being silent is thought wise.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.

*Cato.*

Thoughts shut up want air,  
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun.

*Young.*

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul ;  
And from the many slowly upward win  
To one who grasps the whole.

*Lowell.*

There are very few original thinkers in the world ; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.

*Dugald Stewart.*

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.

*Colton.*

While thought is standing thick upon the brain,  
As dew upon the brow, for thought is brain-sweat.

*Bailey.*

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery ; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

*Longfellow.*

Thought is the spirit of which words are the embodiment.

The wretched heir of evils not its own.

*Akenside.*



The man I pity who abhors the fume  
Of fine Virginia floating in his room,  
For truly may tobacco be defined  
A plant preserving health and peace of mind.

There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Shakspeare.*

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the  
neck of his brother, that God's own hand did not fasten  
the other end round the neck of the oppressor.

*Lamartine.*

He who strikes terror into others is himself in continual fear.

*Claudian.*

Tyrants forego all respect for humanity in proportion  
as they are sunk beneath it; taught to believe themselves  
of a different species, they really become so, lose their  
participation with their kind, and in mimicking the god  
dwindle into the brute.

*Haslitt.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are  
rebels from principle.

*Burke.*

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

*Shakspeare.*

Obsequiousness begets friends—truth, hatred.

*Terence.*

None but cowards lie.

I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

*Paley.*

He who conceals a useful truth is equally guilty with the propagator of an injurious falsehood.

*Augustine.*

Good men are sometimes in greater danger from speaking truth than evil men from speaking falsely.

*Plautus.*

It is a kind of happiness to know to what extent we may be unhappy.

A merciful Providence fashioned him hollow,  
That he might with more ease his principles swallow.

Man is one ;  
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel  
With a gigantic throb, athwart the sea,  
Each other's rights and wrongs.  
Thus are we men.

*Bailey.*

No one, generally speaking, is great in more than one thing ; if he extends his pursuit, he dissipates his strength.

*Hazlitt.*

Unkindness has no remedy at law.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

*Pope.*

Vanity is the poison of agreeableness ; yet as poison, when artfully and properly applied, has a salutary effect in medicine, so has vanity in the commerce and society of the world.

*Greville.*

Men are more satirical from vanity than from malice.

Men talk but little when vanity does not prompt them.

What renders the vanity of others insupportable is, that it wounds our own.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Personal vanity is incompatible with the great and ideal.

*Haslitt.*

Vengeance has no foresight.

*Bonaparte.*

Of many great generals it may be said, Victory is their ruin. The feeling of danger and the sounds of battle brace their nerves and clear their intellectual vision, but the sound of the world's applause intoxicates and maddens them.

*Bayne.*

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

*Juvenal.*

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

By other's vices wise men amend their own.

He that works wickedness by another is guilty himself of its commission.

Successful guilt is the bane of society.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

*Colton.*

Weakness is more opposed to virtue than is vice.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Some by admiring other men's virtues become enemies to their own vices.

*Bias.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us.

*Shakspeare.*

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

*Shakspeare.*

Why is there no man who confesses his vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dream.

*Seneca.*

So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

*Colton.*

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

*Shakspeare.*

Vanity, shame, and, above all, temperament, are often the causes of courage in men and of virtue in women.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

I rather love a splendid failing than a petty good ;  
 Even as the thunderbolt, whose course is downward,  
 Is nobler far than any fire which soars.

*Bailey.*

The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written on his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only.

*Longfellow.*

No one ever made himself so dependent for the sake of an independence.

*Goethe (of Voltaire).*

Virtue if not in action is a vice,  
 And when we move not forward we go backward.

*Massinger.*

The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;  
 He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

*Young.*

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking of being genteel.

*Hazlitt.*

Our life was but a battle and a march,  
 And, like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.

Forewarned, forearmed. Præmonitus, præmunitus.

No sooner are we supplied with everything that Nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

*Johnson.*

Never write on a subject until you have first read your self full on it, and never read on a subject until you have first thought yourself hungry on it.

*Jean Paul.*

There is no difficulty to him who wills.

*Kossuth.*

The will of man is by his reason swayed.

*Shakspeare.*

To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man ; his heart and his head are against you, and you have commanded only his hands.

*Colton.*

If we have sufficient will, we can find sufficient means. We are far from being acquainted with the whole of will.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The intellect of the wise is like glass—it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

*Hare.*

The strongest symptom of wisdom in a man is to be sensible of his own follies.

*French Proverb.*

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books.

*Chinese Proverb.*

None but a fool is always right.

No man is at all times wise.

*Pliny.*

A man's look is the work of years ; it is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life, nay more, by the hand of Nature, and cannot readily be effaced.

*Hazlitt.*

The soul of conversation is sympathy.

*Hazlitt.*

The happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impressions.

*Johnson.*

A man may shine strongly on the angle of a subject without lighting its entire surface.

Inaccuracies in orthography and style are never pardoned except in ladies.

*Chesterfield.*

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Wit is folly, unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

A man does not please long if he has but one species of wit.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Wit is the god of moments, genius the god of ages.

*La Bruyere.*

The wish is parent to the thought.

We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it.

*Butler.*

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,  
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

*Young.*

Wit consists in discovering likenesses—judgment, in  
detecting differences.

What a man desires he easily believes.

His cheeks display a second spring  
Of roses, taught in wine to bloom.

*Akenside.*

'Tis an excellent world that we live in  
To lend, to spend or to give in;  
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,  
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known.

One half of the world must sweat and groan that the  
other half may dream.

*Longfellow.*

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.

*Shakspeare.*

Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds;  
And many a resolute who now appears  
Made up to all extremes, will on a sudden  
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,  
Let but a single honest man speak out  
The true name of his crime.

*Schiller.*



A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident  
to-morrows.

*Wordsworth.*

Common sense is genius in its working dress.

A man tall and slim, like an ebony cane split halfway  
up.

*Bulwer.*

I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Shakspeare.*

So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him was God or devil.

*Dryden.*

Men who spend less time in sleep than is usually  
found needful in others of the same age, strength and  
occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days  
than others do in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual  
inactivity of mind and body.

*Bulwer.*

In combat, his the vigorous arm of youth ;  
And in the council, his the eye of age.

*Goethe.*

He who sports compliments, unless he take good aim,  
may miss his mark and be wounded by the recoil of his  
own gun.

To leave, what with his toil he won,  
To that unfeathered two-legged thing—a son.

*Dryden.*

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he  
that hath none is less than a man.

*Shakspeare.*

On his dark face a scorching clime  
And toil had done the work of time,  
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,  
And sable hair with silver shared ;  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame.

*Scott.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves ;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread.

He's on his guard who knows his enemy ;  
And innocence may safely trust her shield  
Against an open foe ; but who's so mailed  
That slander shall not reach him ?

A generous mind, though swayed a while by passion,  
Is like the steely rigor of the bow ;  
Still holds its native rectitude, and bends  
But to recoil more forceful.

He injures the good who spares the bad.

Proud was his tone, but calm ; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high,  
Which common spirits fear.

*Scott.*

He left a name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

*Johnson.*

Be always as merry as ever as you can,  
For no one delights in a sorrowful man.

His was the subtle look and sly,  
That, spying all, seemed naught to spy ;  
Round all the group his glances stole,  
Unmarked themselves, to mark the whole.

*Scott.*

Who friendship with a knave has made,  
Is judged a partner in the trade ;  
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends  
Our good or evil name depends.

Men are more ready to sacrifice a friend than to give  
up a personal prejudice.

A dandy is a thing that would  
Be a young lady if he could ;  
But as he can't, does all he can  
To show the world he's not a man.

Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure  
men, who have only remained in obscurity because their  
timidity has prevented them from making a first effort,  
and who, if they could have been induced to begin,  
would in all probability have gone great lengths in the  
career of fame.

*Sydney Smith.*

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is  
always of a man's own making.

*Addison.*

He that is unwilling to receive as well as to give, has  
learned but half of friendship.

Men are Stoics in their early years, Epicureans in their later—social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men honest till they know them to be knaves; in later life they believe all to be knaves till they know them to be honest.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

*Locke.*

Suspect men and women who affect great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible and glib,  
From holy lips, is dropped the specious fib!

Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery in Christ's livery.

*Henry.*

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware.

The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue need not wait for age and experience to commence a consummate knave.

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

*Lavater.*

A true man is earnest, therefore enthusiastic.

Man is an almanac of self, a living record of his own deeds.

He who agrees with himself agrees with others.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.  
*Channing.*

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.  
*Colton.*

Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who mistrusts himself.

Blest be the man who first invented sleep !  
*Sancho Panza.*

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.  
*Penn.*

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.  
*Haliburton.*

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.  
*Shenstone.*

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

A man should never boast of his courage, nor a woman of her virtue, lest their doing so should be the cause of calling their possession of them into question.

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

A brave man is sometimes a desperado—a bully is always a coward.

*Haliburton.*

He who meditates on others' woe,  
Shall in that meditation lose his own.

*Cumberland.*

After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.

*Junius.*

He is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

*Lavater.*

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

The public character of a man is the tinsel worn at court; his private character is the service of gold kept at his banker's.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

Nothing keeps a man from being rich like thinking he has enough; nothing from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

*Lavater.*

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

*Lavater.*

The manner of a vulgar man hath freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

He that communes with himself in private will learn truths that the multitude will not tell him.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own ;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
*Dryden.*

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch—  
A living dead man.  
*Shakspeare.*

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil.  
*Sidney.*

Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.  
*Tennyson.*

When bad men combine the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.  
*Burke.*

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.  
*Taylor.*

The mighty hopes that make us men.  
*Tennyson.*

He touches nothing but he adds a charm.  
*Fénélon.*

Minds that have nothing to confer,  
Find little to perceive.

*Wordsworth.*

None but himself can be his parallel.

*Theobald.*

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

*Goldsmith.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword.

*Bulwer.*

A man should guard in his youth against sensuality,  
in his manhood against faction, and in his old age against  
covetousness.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days—  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

*Purnell.*

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

*Young.*

Few sons attain the prize  
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

*Pope.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

*Dryden.*

Man, false man—smiling, destructive man

*Lee.*



His face is stern,  
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,  
To teach a truth he ne'er could learn.

*Mrs Browning.*

No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

*Bentley.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

*Young.*

A favorite has no friend.

*Gray.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
And most who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

*Churchill.*

He had a face like a benediction.

*Cervantes.*

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

*Cervantes.*

Though he endeavor all he can,  
An ape will never be a man.

*Wither.*

He was not of an age, but for all time.

*Johnson.*

Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

*Swift.*

One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave.

*Wordsworth.*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,  
He had not the method of making a fortune.

*Gray.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

*Cowper.*

Happy he  
With such a mother! Faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,  
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

*Tennyson.*

O fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

*Dryden.*

Every man with an income of five hundred pounds a  
year is by nature a conservative.

*Quarterly Review.*

An unforgiving eye, and a d—d disinheriting coun-  
tenance.

*Sheridan.*

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

*Colman.*

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

Ef you take a sword and dror it,  
 An' go stick a fellow thru,  
 Guvment ain't to answer for it ;  
 God'll send the bill to you.

*Lowell.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend ;  
 Eternity mourns that.

*Taylor.*

Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,  
 Like instincts, unawares.

*Milnes.*

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

*Dryden.*

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

*Cowper.*

The solemn fop, significant and budge—  
 A fool with judges, among fools a judge.

*Cowper.*

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
 Save, save, oh save me, from the candid friend !

*Canning.*

Unless above himself he can  
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

*Daniel.*

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,  
 Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;  
 But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,  
 Lives as he ought to do, and dies an-honest fellow.

*Parody on Fletcher*

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Thou who loved nothing, but what nothing loves,  
And that's thyself.

*Dryden.*

Rogues in rags are kept in countenance by rogues in ruffles.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind

*Justin.*

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly. who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

*Philip Sidney.*

Never have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?

*Rothschild.*

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

*Proverbs.*

Proud men never have friends; either in prosperity, because they know nobody; or, in adversity, because then nobody knows them.

For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

*Drayton.*

There is a method in man's wickedness;  
It grows up by degrees.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

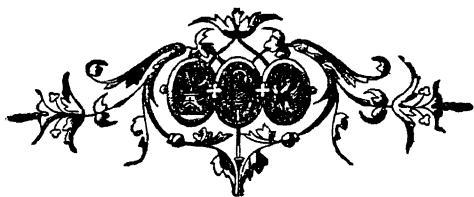
Man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.

*Herbert.*



W O M A N .





## WOMAN.

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WOMAN is changeable, fickle as fair,  
A beautiful feather tossed by the air;  
Her lips are as fluent as her heart is mute,  
She is ever a tempting, deceiving fruit;  
A deceiver is she, if deceiver e'er were:  
Oh, woe to the heart that is given to her!  
But we love her, we love her, our bosom's dear dove,  
And he never was happy who never knew love.

The ambition of a woman aiming at literary fame is the deadliest foe to happiness. Man may content himself with the applause of the world and the homage paid to his intellect, but woman's heart has holier idols.

*Miss Evans' "Beulah."*

A woman either loves or hates; there is no medium.

*Latin Proverb.*

A lass that has many wooers oft fares the worst.

*Scotch Proverb.*

Women commend a modest man, but like him not.



Coquet and coy at once her air,  
Both studied, though both seem neglected;  
Careless she is with artful care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

*Congreve.*

We cannot fight for love as men may do;  
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.

*Shakspeare.*

Woman's grief is like a summer's storm,  
Short as it is violent.

*Joanna Baillie.*

Oh, cooler than the wind that freezes  
Founts that but now in sunshine played,  
Is that congealing pang which seizes  
The trusting bosom when betrayed.

*Moore.*

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,  
Without even power my proud, pure love to speak;  
But oh, by all I fail in, love not me  
For what I am, but what I wish to be.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Be thou as chaste as ice and pure as snow, thou shalt  
not escape calumny.

*Shakspeare.*

Frivolous talk with ladies unbends the mind and pol-  
ishes the manners.

*Chesterfield.*

Though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,  
'Tis wiser to make cages.

*Moore.*

And thus she wanders on, half sad, half blest,  
Without a mate for the pure lonely heart,  
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,  
Never to find its lovely counterpart.

*Mrs. Welby.*

Though Time her bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

*Halleck.*

A gentle maiden, who's large, loving eyes  
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,  
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,  
Or autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright;  
She is not sad, yet in her gaze appears  
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.

*Mrs. Norton.*

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,  
Practiced to lisp and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs and languishes with pride.

*Pope.*

Can I again that look recall  
That once could make me die for thee?  
No, no—the eye that beams on all  
Shall never more be prized by me.

*Moore.*

Would you teach her to love?  
For a time seem to rove;  
At first she may frown in a pet;  
But leave her a while,  
She shortly will smile,  
And then you may win your coquette.  
*Byron.*

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
*Gray.*

Her look composed and steady eye  
Bespoke a matchless constancy.  
*Scott.*

A man's a fool  
If not instructed in a woman's school.  
*Beaumont.*

She is beautiful, therefore may be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won.  
*Shakspeare.*

Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.  
*Hugo*

There is, sir, a critical minute in  
Every man's wooing, when his mistress may  
Be won, which if he carelessly neglect  
To prosecute, he may wait long enough  
Before he gain the like opportunity.

From lips like those what precept failed to move?  
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love.  
*Pope.*

But though I loved you well, I wooed you not;  
 And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,  
 Or that we women had men's privilege  
 Of speaking first.

*Shakspeare.*

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you:  
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
 For why? the fools are mad if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
 For, Get you away! she doth not mean, Away.

*Shakspeare.*

Into these ears of mine,  
 These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words  
 That art or love could frame.

*Beaumont.*

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast  
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;  
 What careth she for hearts when once possessed?  
 Do proper homage to thy idol's eyes;  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:  
 Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;  
 Brisk confidence still best with woman copes;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn; soon passion crowns  
 thy hopes.

*Byron.*

Like a lovely tree,  
 She grew to womanhood, and betweenwhiles  
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
 How to accept a better in his turn.

*Byron.*

He came too late! Neglect had tried  
Her constancy too long;  
Her love had yielded to her pride  
And the deep sense of wrong.  
She scorned the offering of a heart  
Which lingered on its way,  
Till it could no delight impart,  
Nor spread one cheering ray.

*Bogart.*

No thought within her bosom stirs,  
But wakes some feeling dark and dread;  
God keep thee from a doom like hers,  
Of living when the hopes are dead.

*Carey.*

Men are more eloquent than women made;  
But women are more powerful to persuade.

*Randolph.*

Her tears her only eloquence.

*Rogers.*

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young,  
As was the case at least where I have been;  
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
They smile still more.

*Byron.*

Oh, agony! keen agony,  
For trusting heart to find  
That vows believed were vows conceived,  
As light as summer wind.

*Motherwell.*

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardoned all except her face.

*Byron.*

Harshly falls  
The doom upon the ear, "She's not genteel!"  
And pitiless is woman who doth keep  
Of "good society" the golden key;  
And gentlemen are bound, as are the stars,  
To stoop not after rising.

*Willis.*

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Shakspeare.*

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame thee,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

*Byron.*

*Cain*—Then leave me.

*Adah*—Never, though thy God left thee.

*Byron.*

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart  
To well-timed, artful flattery may yield.

*Lillo.*

Be to her virtues very kind,  
Be to her faults a little blind.

*Prior.*

Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty men  
as of fireworks.

*Ferrol.*

Fee simple and a simple fee,  
And all the fees entail,  
Are nothing when compared with thee,  
Thou best of fees, fe-male.

In the higher classes, a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons, but the country girl, who snatches her moments of gayety during the intervals of labor, is under no guardianship or restraint, and her amusements become so much the more hazardous.

*Scott.*

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,  
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.

*Shakspeare.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face.

*Byron.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

*Milton.*

Woman is something between a flower and an angel.

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
An unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.

*Byron.*

Maids, in modesty, say no to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe aye.  
*Shakspeare.*

Heaven's last, best gift to man.

Falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.  
*Shakspeare.*

A woman's thought runs before her actions, not before  
her words.  
*Shakspeare.*

The woman who deliberates is lost.  
*Addison.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.  
*Congreve.*

A continual dropping on a rainy day and a contentious  
woman are alike.  
*The Bible.*

A lady's verily is as potent as a lord's.  
*Shakspeare.*

How happy I could be with either,  
Were the other dear charmer away!  
*Gay.*

Woman's honor  
Is nice as ermine, will not bear a soil.  
*Dryden.*

Oh, it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

*Hood.*



The intellect of the generality of women serves more to fortify their folly than their reason.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

*Shakspeare.*

Women will forgive wrong, perjury, everything but a jest.

*Ferrol.*

Yet do not my folly reprove;

She was fair, and my passion begun;

She smiled, and I could not but love.

She is faithless, and I am undone.

*Shenstone.*

Oh, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes

Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart,

By mere oppugnance of their own goodness,

Reveals the approach of evil.

*Coleridge.*

Go, false to heaven and me!

Your very tears are treachery.

*Moore.*

The venom clamors of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

*Shakspeare.*

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted,

Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl;

The lass is alone to be pitied

Who ne'er has been courted at all.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.

*Shakspeare.*

Every folly of woman is born of the stupidity of man.

The only book that woman longs to write in is man's heart.

Woman knows that the better she obeys the surer she is to rule.

Woman's happiness is in obeying. She objects to men who abdicate too much.

Man's indifference more than man's tyranny torments woman.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.

What manly eloquence could produce such an effect as woman's silence?

Woman's natural mission is to love, to love but one, to love always.

Between weariness and hate in a woman there is but a step.

The French woman is either the best or worst of her sex.

Woman has a magic language; it is the sigh, the impassioned breath.

*Michelet.*

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

*Milton.*

The night

Shows stars and women in a better light.

*Byron.*

There is sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired as an offspring of the intellectual faculty, not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

*Bulwer.*

And stamped with such a seal of mind  
As gave to beauties that might be  
Too sensual else, too unrefined,  
The impress of divinity.

*Moore.*

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!

*Whittier.*

The maid whose manners are retired,  
Who, patient, waits to be admired,  
Though overlooked perhaps a while  
Her modest worth, her modest smile,  
Oh, she will find, or soon or late,  
A noble, fond and faithful mate.

*Paulding.*

There is none  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a  
savage  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.

The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush,  
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,  
Amidst the argus eyes and din  
And tell-tale glare of noon,  
Brings but a murmur and a blush  
Beneath the modest moon.

*Campbell.*

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove,  
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love—  
The love of many prayers and many tears,  
Which changes not with dim, declining years;  
The only love which on this teeming earth  
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

*Mrs. Norton.*

One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars  
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before  
The throne of God burn through eternity,  
Holy, as it was lit and lent thee here.

*Willis.*

Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

*Willis.*

We can have many wives, but only one mother.  
*Turkish Proverb.*

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath  
A mother's love begins, it glows till death,  
Lives before life, with death not dies, but seems  
The very substance of immortal dreams.

What France most needs is mothers.

*Napoleon.*

A vast deal of human sympathy runs along the electric line of needlework, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress. It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, as it makes them at home with their own hearts.

*Hawthorne.*

I love to look on woman when her eye  
Beams with the radiant light of charity;  
I love to look on woman when her face  
Glow with religion's pure and perfect grace:  
Oh, then to her the loveliness is given  
Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven.

*Otis.*

A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
And slightly nonchalant,  
Which seems to claim a middle place  
Between one's love and aunt.

*Holmes.*

Women are not apt to be won by the charms of verse; they have little sympathy with dreamers on Parnassus, and allow themselves to be influenced by something more substantial than the roses and lilies of the muse.

A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blushed at herself.

*Shakspeare.*

For a spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure e'en while it errs.

*Moore.*

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

*Shakspeare.*

A man without religion is to be pitied, but a Godless woman is a horror above all things.

*Miss Evans' "Beulah."*

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught  
her.

A whisper woke the air—  
A soft light tone and low,  
Yet barbed with shame and woe.  
Ah me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound;  
Another voice has breathed it clear,  
And so it wanders round,  
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—  
Until it reached a gentle heart,  
And that—it broke.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

A fall that woman suffers when the stay  
Her trusting heart hath leaned on, falls away.

*Moore.*

Oh, too convincing—dangerously dear—  
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!

*Byron.*

The world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.

*Rousseau.*

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

*Colton.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.

*Shakspeare.*

Thy voice is sweet, as if it took  
Its music from thy face.

*Miss Landon.*

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.

*Byron.*

When a maiden is too forward, the admirer deems  
it time to draw back.

Few disputes exist which have not had their origin  
from woman.

*Juvenal.*

In men we various ruling passions find;  
In women two almost divide the kind;  
Those only fixed, they first or last obey  
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

*Pope.*

Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if  
moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and im-  
proves; if immoderately, it withers and destroys.

*Colton.*

Just corporeal enough to attest humanity, yet sufficiently transparent to let the celestial origin shine through.  
*Ruffini.*

And looks commercing with the skies,  
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes.  
*Milton.*

Her step is music and her voice is song.  
*Bailey.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,  
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;  
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,  
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.  
*Crabbe.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might  
despair.  
*Byron.*

Soft as the memory of buried love,  
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above,  
Was she.  
*Byron.*

A beautiful woman by her smiles draws tears from  
our purse.  
*Italian Proverb.*

Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest, and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

*Colton.*



For with affections warm, intense, refined,  
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,  
That, like heaven's image in the smiling brook,  
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.

*Campbell.*

A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by  
a strong head, but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.

*Coveridge.*

What causes the majority of women to be so little  
touched by friendship is, that it is insipid when they  
have once tasted of love.

There is a boundary line which separates the crude,  
unformed and thoughtless girl from the blooming, blushing  
and meditative woman.

*Chesterfield.*

Women have entertaining tattle and sometimes wit,  
but as for solid reasoning and good sense, I never knew  
one who possessed them. Some little humor or passion  
breaks their best resolutions.

*Chesterfield.*

Very ugly or very beautiful women should be flattered  
on their understanding, and mediocre ones on their  
beauty.

*Chesterfield.*

The fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning.

The regard of women is generally much influenced  
by the estimation which an individual maintains in the  
opinion of men.

*Scott.*

Nature has hardly ever formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person.

*Chesterfield.*

Women are to be talked to as below men and above children. If you talk too deep, you confound—if too frivolous, you disgust.

*Chesterfield.*

Ah, woman! in this world of ours

What gift can be compared to thee?

How slow would drag life's weary hours,

Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,

And his the wealth of land and sea,

If destined to exist alone,

And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

*G. P. Morris.*

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.

But they who kneel at woman's shrine,

Breathe on it as they bow;

Ye may fling back the gift again,

But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

*Willis.*

It is at the foot of woman we lay the laurels that without her smile would never have been gained. It is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, and guides the brain in the august toils of stately counsel. Whatever may be the lot of man, however unfortunate, however oppressed, if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and lighten the fetters of the slave.

*D'Israeli.*

A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.

Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.

*Byron.*

And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,  
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin.

*Moore.*

Women grown bad are worse than men, for the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

Women in mischief are wiser than men.

See neglects her heart who studies her glass.

*Lavater.*

If thou wouldst please the ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves.

*Fuller*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.

*Shakspeare.*

Women are particularly desirous of investigating mystery and alleviating melancholy.

*Scott.*

A woman deserted by one man has no remedy but to appeal to twelve.

*Ferrolld.*

Glasses and lasses are brittle ware.

There is a natural instinct in women which leads them to sew in flocks.

*Bayard Taylor.*

Woman, dear woman, still the same  
While beauty breathes through soul or frame :  
While man possesses heart and eyes,  
Woman's bright empire never dies.

*Moore.*

Who takes an eel by the tail and a woman by her word  
may say he holds nothing.

Women must have their wills while they live, because  
they make none when they die.

Nor steel nor fire itself hath power  
Like woman in her conquering hour.  
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,  
Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

*Moore.*

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of  
manners.

O woman ! whose form and whose soul  
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;  
Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

*Moore.*

Woman at heart is woman still.

*Moore.*

In acquiring the intelligence of the woman, she has  
only perfected the purity of the child.

A moment cherished and then cast away,  
Rose of the garden ; such is woman's lot,  
Worshipped while blooming—when she fades, forgot.

*Moore.*

Man has a thousand temptations to sin—woman has  
but one : if she cannot resist it she has no claims upon  
our mercy.

*Bulwer.*

Woman either loves or hates ; her affection knows no  
medium.

Rich in all woman's loveliness ;  
With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark vice would turn abashed away ;  
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,  
Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds, with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this.

*Moore.*

A soul too more than half divine,  
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
Religion's softened glories shine,  
Like light through summer foliage stealing.

*Moore.*

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.

*Shakspeare.*

Women walk more by what others think than what  
they think themselves.

*Scott.*

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Women are captivated by those of the sterner sex who possess affability, compliance, genteel ways, suppleness, gayety, fluency of speech, a smooth tongue, a pretty knack at versifying, and these qualities set off with a handsome person.

*Madame de Pompadour.*

When women are in place, discipline is in danger.

*Scott.*

Trust not a woman when she weepeth, for it is her nature to weep when she wanteth her will.

You could trace beneath the ribbons and finery a statue, and in that statue a soul.

*Hugo.*

She seemed to be a shadow; there was hardly enough body for a sex to exist: she was a little quantity of matter containing a light—an excuse for the soul to remain upon earth.

*Hugo.*

The heart of an isolated maiden resembles those vine tendrils which cling, according to chance, to the capital of a marble column or the signpost of an inn.

*Hugo.*

Women love energy and grand results, the principle and its goal, but they are ignorant of the long road which leads to that goal, appreciating neither the time nor continuity of effort necessary.

To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

*Bulwer.*

Set not a woman's tongue upon me, I entreat you ;  
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.  
I am routed if a woman but attack me ;  
I cannot traffic in the trade of words  
With that unreasoning sex.

*Schiller's "Wallenstein."*

Women are safer in perilous situations and emergencies than men, and might be still more so if they trusted themselves more confidently to the chivalry of manhood.

*Hawthorne.*

She was not fair  
Nor beautiful ; these words express her not ;  
But oh, her looks had something excellent  
That wants a name.

Whenever we admit women to a wider scope of pursuits and professions, we must also remove the shackles of our present conventional rules, which would then become an insufferable restraint on either maid or wife.

*Hawthorne.*

She stood on the boundary line between country beauty and city belle.

*Goethe.*

How circumscribed is woman's destiny !  
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord  
Her duty and her comfort.  
Sad her fate !

*Goethe.*

A woman forgives sin in her lover, but never meanness.

*Bulwer.*

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

*Shakspeare.*

A woman's fitness comes by fits.

*Shakspeare.*

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

*Pope.*

I can march up to a fortress and summon a foe to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it.

*Longfellow.*

Woman is always fickle and changeable.

*Virgil.*

When a woman fancies herself slighted by the man she loves, the first person who proposes must be a clumsy wooer indeed if he does not carry her away.

*Bulwer.*

I have no other than a woman's reason; I think him so because I think him so.

*Shakspeare.*

A woman's partiality may be the result of admiration more than love. You may dazzle the imagination and not win the heart.



And all that woman ever felt,  
When God and man both claimed her sighs,  
Every warm thought that ever dwelt,  
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies—  
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise—  
Spoke in her gestures, tones and eyes.

*Moore.*

Women after a youth of false pleasure often end with  
an old age of false devotion.

*Bulwer.*

Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted,  
Like music to the heart it went;  
And her dark eyes—how eloquent!—  
Ask what they would, 'twas granted.

*Rogers.*

And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place.

*Gay.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Shakspeare.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

*Shakspeare.*

O woman! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made—  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

*Scott.*

A thing to protect, to soothe, to shelter, how dear to the pride of man! The haughty woman who can stand alone and requires no leaning-place in our hearts, loses the spell of her sex.

*Bulwer.*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will.

*Tuke.*

I am convinced a woman can  
Love this or that, or any other man;  
This day she's melting hot,  
To-morrow swears she knows you not;  
If she but a new object find,  
Then straight she's of another mind.

*Suckling.*

Rash combat oft immortalizes man;  
If he should fall, he is renowned in song;  
But after ages reckon not the tears  
Which ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds;  
And poets tell not of the thousand nights  
Consumed in weeping, and the dreary days  
Wherein her anguished soul, a prey to grief,  
Doth vainly yearn to call her loved one back.

*Goethe.*

Women have more of what is termed good sense than men. They cannot reason wrong, for they do not reason at all. They have fewer pretensions, are less implicated in theories, and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and therefore more truly and naturally.

*Haslitt.*

In every glance there broke without control  
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul.

*Moore.*

Man decides by reason; the judgment of woman her  
love is;  
There where she does not love, woman already has  
judged.

*Schiller.*

Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only in their newest gloss.

*Hazlitt.*

Is this the elysium of a sober brain—  
To wait for happiness in female smiles,  
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,  
With prayers, with bribes, with lies her pity crave,  
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave,  
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow?  
Can pride, can sense, can reason stoop so low?

*Akenside.*

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,  
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,  
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,  
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—  
Roses of paradise fresh from above,  
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

*Hood.*

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

*Scott.*

Nature's extreme; no mean is to be had—  
Excellent good or infinitely bad.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of gospel books.

*Spenser.*

One woman reads another's character  
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering.

*Johnson.*

Maids in modesty say "No!" to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."

*Shakespeare.*

And nymphs were there whose very eyes  
Seemed almost to exhale in sighs;  
Whose every little ringlet thrilled.  
As it with soul and passion filled.

*Moore.*

Oh, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirit masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature?

*Milton.*

O fairest of creation! last and best  
Of all God's works, creature, in whom excelled  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

*Milton.*

Ladies, like towns besieged, for honor's sake  
Will some defence, or its appearance, make.

*Crabbe.*

Who trusts himself to woman or to waves,  
Should never hazard what he fears to lose;  
For he that ventures all his hopes, like me,  
On the frail promise of a woman's smiles,  
Like me will be deceived and curse his folly.

*Oldmixon.*

I am a woman! nay, a woman wronged!  
And when our sex from injuries take fire,  
Our softness turns to fury, and our thoughts  
Breathe vengeance and destruction.

*Savage.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.

*Wordsworth.*

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;  
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.

*Lyttleton.*

A woman who gives up a man to whom she does not deny her partiality, is far from being in the painful condition in which a young man finds himself who has gone so far in his explanations toward a lady. A decided brevity cannot be allowed him. The reasons of a woman who withdraws in such a case always appear valid, but those of a man never.

*Goethe.*

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?

*Shakspeare.*

Now, raptured, with each wish complying  
With feigned reluctance, now denying;  
Each charm she varied, to retain  
A varying heart—and all in vain!

*Scott.*

Each joy thou couldst double; and when there came  
sorrow  
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,  
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,  
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day.

*Scott.*

Woman, blest partner of our joys and woes,  
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,  
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,  
Throbs with each pulse and beats with every thrill.

No marvel woman should love flowers; they bear  
So much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history; like herself, repaying  
With such sweet interest all the cherishing  
That calls their beauty and their sweetness forth;  
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect.

Is not the life of woman all bound up  
In her affections? What hath she to do  
In this bleak world alone? It may be well  
For man on his triumphal course to move  
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but we were born  
For love and grief.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

*Lyttleton.*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,  
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

*Dryden.*

Beautiful as sweet!  
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!  
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

*Young.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty revealed.

*Young.*

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was  
such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul  
shining so peacefully through it.

*Longfellow.*

So sweet a face, harmless, so intent  
Upon her prayers, it frosted my devotion  
To gaze on her.

Men who cherish for women the highest respect are  
seldom popular with the sex. . . . A due respect for  
women leads to respectful action toward them, and re-  
spect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love.

*Addison.*

Affection is woman's only element; to love, to look  
up, is her only destiny, and if unfulfilled, nothing can  
supply its place. Love has no real business for her be-  
yond the sweet beating of her own heart dwelling in the  
shadow of another's.

Women never truly command till they have given  
their promise to obey.

The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink.  
 Together. Dwarfed or godlike, bond or free;  
 If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
 How shall men grow

*Tennyson.*

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad day-light of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.

*Irving.*

There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman.

*Mrs. Stowe.*

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

*Saville.*

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman.

Women always will find their bitterest foes among their own sex.

Women govern us; let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men.

*Sheridan.*

A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants



The delicate face where thoughtful care already mingled with the winning grace and loveliness of youth, the too bright eye, the spiritual head, the lips that pressed each other with such high resolve and courage of the heart, the slight figure, firm in its bearing and yet so very weak.

*Dickens.*

A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf; the thorns are reserved for her husband.

The maid whom now you court in vain,  
Will quickly run in quest of man.

*Horace.*

A coquette is one who draws a cheque upon the bank of affection, and then dishonors it.

She, though in full-bloom flower of glorious beauty,  
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.

*Dryden.*

A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

*Wordsworth.*

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

*Lowell.*

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;  
Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wud.

*Ramsey.*

She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on.

*Suckling.*

When maidens innocently young  
Say often what they never mean,  
Ne'er mind their pretty, lying tongue,  
But tent the language of their een.

*Ramsey.*

She hugged the offender and forgave th' offence—  
Sex to the last.

*Dryden.*

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew.

*Ramsey.*

Show us how divine a thing  
A woman can be made.

*Wordsworth.*

To those who know thee not, no words can paint;  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.

*Hannah Moore.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.

*Herbert.*

Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible she  
That shall command my heart and me.

*Crashaw.*

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends.  
Oft she regrets, but never once offends.

And 'tis remarkable that they  
Talk most who have the least to say.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,  
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet ;  
Luxuriant, budding, cheerful without mirth,  
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it  
Than are your mighty passions.

*Byron.*

It is the men that cause the women to dislike each  
other.



# AGE.

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## AGE.

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The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Time's current may wear wrinkles in the face, but not  
reach the heart.

With years our faults diminish, but our vices increase.  
*Bulwer.*

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
*Campbell.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,  
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,  
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

*Dryden.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among you :  
Give him a little earth for charity.

*Shakspeare.*

He looked in years, but in his years were seen  
A youthful vigor, an autumnal green.

Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
None of the youth could cope with him ;  
And the foes whom he singly kept at bay  
Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver gray.

Age had not quenched the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth.

*Seward*

Yet time, that changes all, had altered him  
In soul and aspect as in age ; years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb,  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

*Byron.*

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat  
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue,  
Walk thoughtful on the solemn silent shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.

*Young.*

When men grow virtuous in old age, they are merely  
making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

*Swift.*

The most dangerous weakness of old people who have  
been amiable is to forget they are no longer so.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.

*Madame de Staël.*

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grows in the sapling.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Old age is not so fiery as youth, but when provoked cannot be appeased.

Old men like to give good advice as a consolation for not being longer in a condition to give a bad example.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

What man wishes in youth he has to fullness in old age.

*Goethe.*

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

*Holmes.*

No man ever wished to be younger.

*Swift.*

The good old man, too eager in dispute,  
Flew high, and as his Christian fury rose,  
Damned all for heretics who durst oppose.

Though old, he still retained  
His manly sense and energy of mind.  
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;  
He still remembered that he once was young.

*Armstrong.*

Fresh hopes are hourly sown in furrowed brows.

*Young.*



Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eye, sans taste, sans everything.  
*Shakspeare.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.  
*Shakspeare.*

I have lived long enough; my way of life  
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead  
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
*Shakspeare.*

These are the effects of doting age,  
Vain doubts and idle cares and over-caution.  
*Dryden.*

Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
No language but the language of the heart;  
By nature honest, by experience wise,  
Healthy by temperance and by exercise,  
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,  
His death was instant and without a groan.  
*Pope.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.  
*Shakspeare.*

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,  
And count their youthful follies o'er,  
Till Memory lends her light no more.

*Scott.*

Thirst of power and riches now bears sway,  
The passion and infirmity of age.

*Froude.*

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

*Tennyson.*

It is thus that the intellectual principle, when enfeebled by disease or age, is said to rally its energies in the presence of death, and to pour the radiance of unclouded reason round the last struggles of dissolution.

*Hallam.*

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed before.

*Goethe.*

Full many a storm on this gray head has beat,  
And now on my high station do I stand,  
Like the tired watchman in his air-rocked tower,  
Who looketh for the hour of his release.  
I'm sick of worldly broils, and fain would rest  
With those who war no more.

*Joanna Baillie.*

When age is in, the wit is out.

*Shakspeare.*

Thus pleasures fade away,  
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn and gray.

*Scott.*

The defects of the mind, like those of the countenance,  
augment with age.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The vivacity which augments with years is not far  
from folly.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

How beautiful can time with goodness make an old  
man look !

*Ferrol.*

Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,  
Compound of disappointment, pain and care ;  
For when the mind's experience comes at length,  
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength ;  
Resigned to ignorance all our better days,  
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays.

I venerate old age, and love not the man who can  
look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the  
dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye,  
and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper  
upon the understanding.

*Longfellow.*

Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland without a sun.

The worst thing an old man can be is a lover.

*Otway.*

Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth feels; age acts under the influence of disappointment, youth under the dominion of hope.

Old age loves novelties; the last arrived  
Still pleases best—the youngest steal their smiles.  
*Young.*

Age is surrounded by a cold mist, in which the flame of hope will hardly burn.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.  
*Swift.*

An old man must expect  
These little shocks of Nature; they are hints  
To warn us of our end.  
*Whitehead.*

An old age unsupported with matter for meditation and discourse is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Youth knows naught of changes! age hath traced them  
all,  
Expects and can interpret them.  
*Comnenus.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.  
*Pope.*

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.  
*Pitt.*

When he is forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die?

*Hood.*

But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

*Wordsworth.*



DEATH.





## DEATH.

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SHE died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent  
stem ;  
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some  
diadem ;  
She died in beauty, like a lay along a moon-lit lake ;  
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the  
brake ;  
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers, dissolved  
away ;  
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day.  
She lives in glory, like night's gems set round the silver  
moon ;  
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

There are remedies for all things but death.

*Carlyle.*

How fast has brother followed brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away ;  
I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay.



There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Whose joy and light have fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie,  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky.

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain!

*Blair.*

Brutes die but once—  
Blest incommunicable privilege, for which  
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the stars,  
Philosopher or hero, sighs in vain.

He fears not dying—'tis a deeper fear.  
The thunder-peal cries to his conscience, "Hear!"  
The rushing winds from memory lift the veil;  
And in each flash his sins, like spectres pale,  
Freed from their dark abode, his guilty breast,  
Shriek in his startled ear, "Death is not rest!"

*Mrs. Hale.*

Death is the crown of life.  
Were death denied, poor men would live in vain;  
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.  
*Young.*

He dies and makes no sign.

*Shakspeare.*

One may live as a conqueror, a king or magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every man to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here it is that fame and renown must fail to assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that friends, affection and human love and devotedness cannot succor us.

*Webster.*

Early, bright, transient,  
Chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled,  
And went to heaven.

*Young.*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost,  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Shakspeare.*

Death, to the happy thou art terrible,  
But how the wretched love to think of thee,  
O thou true comforter! the friend of all  
Who have no friend beside!

*Southey.*

The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body, and death itself is not formidable in what we do know of it, but in what we do not

*Colton.*

The bough had broken under the burden of the un-ripe fruit.

*Longfellow.*

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Shakspeare.*

An honorable death is better than an inglorious life.

*Socrates.*

We had better die at once, than live constantly in fear of death.

*Socrates.*

With solemn rites between,  
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,  
And e'en their deaths had not divided them.

*Campbell.*

Dead men tell no tales.

*Campbell.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb  
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,  
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

*Moore.*

To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

*Campbell.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

*Young.*

How proud they can press to the funeral array

Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day

Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

*Moore.*

Death remembered should be like a mirror,

That tells us life's but breath—to trust it, error.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

*Young.*

The good die first,

And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust

Burn to the socket.

*Wordsworth.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,

Death came with friendly care,

The opening bud to heaven conveyed,

And bade it blossom there.

*Coleridge.*

The tongues of dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony;

Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

*Shakespeare.*

To die—to sleep—

No more, and by a sleep to say we end

The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished.

*Shakespeare.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.  
*Young.*

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.  
*Raleigh.*

-Poor abject creatures! how they fear to die  
Who never knew one happy hour in life,  
Yet shake to lay it down! Is load so pleasant  
Or has Heaven hid the happiness of death,  
That man may dare to live?  
*Dryden.*

The pomp of death is far more terrible than death  
itself.  
*Lee.*

Death's but a path that must be trod  
If man would ever pass to God.  
*Parnell.*

The world recedes, it disappears;  
Heaven opens on my eyes. My ears  
With sounds seraphic ring;  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O grave! where is thy victory?  
O death! where is thy sting?  
*Pope.*

Hark to the hurried question of despair:  
"Where is my child?" and Echo answered, Where?  
*Byron.*

When musing on companions gone  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.  
*Scott.*

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
 By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.

*Pope.*

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

*Gray.*

Death! thou art infinite—'tis life is little.

*Bailey.*

Weep not for him who dieth,  
 For he sleeps and is at rest,  
 And the couch whereon he lieth  
 Is the green earth's quiet breast.

*Mrs. Norton.*

Weep not for those  
 Who sink within the arms of death  
 Ere yet the chilling wintry breath  
 Of sorrow o'er them blows;  
 But weep for those who here remain,  
 The mournful heritors of pain,  
 Condemned to see each bright joy fade,  
 And mark Grief's melancholy shade  
 Flung o'er Hope's fairest rose.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Farewell! there's but one pang in death,  
 One only, leaving thee.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*Bryant.*

Death should come  
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,  
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,  
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.  
Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain,  
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

*Bryant.*

Man's home is in the grave;  
Here dwell the multitude. We gaze around  
We read the monuments, sigh, and while  
We sigh, we sink.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

*Montgomery.*

Men are the less mourned by their families in proportion as they are the more mourned by the community.

*Bulwer.*

The disease a man dreads, that he dies of.

*Spanish Proverb.*

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
 The silent grave !  
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
 In one dark wave.

*Longfellow.*

To the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

*Halleck.*

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.

*Addison's "Cato."*

For who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide tomb of uncreated night?

*Milton.*

Man makes a death which Nature never made.

*Young.*

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

*Young.*



Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once shall never die.

*Campbell.*

Gone like a morning rainbow, like a dream,  
A star that shoots and falls, and then is seen no more.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,  
Hell threatens.

*Young.*

How wonderful is Death!  
Death and his brother, Sleep.

*Shelley.*

Those that he loved so long, and sees no more,  
Loved and still loves—not dead, but gone before.

*Rogers.*

Her suffering ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.

*Aldrich.*

Calm and serene, he sees approaching death  
As the safe port, the peaceful, silent shore,  
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,  
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm.

*Young.*

The chamber where the good man takes his flight  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life—quite in the verge of heaven.

*Young.*

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever.

*Scott.*

O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could  
 advise  
 Thou hast persuaded! what none has dared, thou hast  
 done, and  
 Whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast  
 out  
 Of the world and despised! Thou hast drawn together  
 all the  
 Far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambi-  
 tion  
 Of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow  
 words—

*Hic Jacet.*

*Raleigh.*

Underneath this stone doth lie  
 As much of beauty as could die,  
 Which in life did harbor give  
 To more virtue than doth live.

*Jonson's epitaph on Elizabeth.*

We watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low;  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.  
 We thought her dying while she slept  
 And sleeping when she died.

*Hood.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands  
in the grave.

*Bishop Hall.*

The dead! the sainted dead! why should we weep  
At the last change their settled features take?  
At the calm impress of that holy sleep  
Which care and sorrow never more shall break?

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.

*Byron.*

Now death draws near; a strange perplexity  
Creeps coldly on me like a fear to die.  
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,  
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?  
The wisest and the best some fear may show,  
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

*Dryden.*

Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear;  
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

*H. Knowles.*

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one who had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owned  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Shakspeare.*

All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the  
sorrow;

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.

*Longfellow.*

Death is simply the soul's change of residence.

The sense of death is most in apprehension.

*Shakspeare.*

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man eternity is seen looking through time.

*Goethe.*

There is before the eyes of men on the brink of dissolution a glassy film, which death appears to impart, that they may have a brief prospect of eternity; when some behold the angels of light, while others have the demons of darkness before them.

*Cockton.*

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary and so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

*Swift.*

Love warms where death withers,  
Death blights where love blooms,  
Death sits by our cradles,  
Love stands by our tombs.

*Bulwer.*

O death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the uncommunicative dead, what art thou?

*Lily.*

The feeble pulse hath throbbed its last,  
The aching head is laid at rest,  
Another from our ranks hath passed,  
The dearest and the loveliest.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.

*Byron.*

Death is the privilege of human nature,  
And life without it were not worth our taking.  
Thither the poor, the prisoner and the mourner  
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.

*Rowe.*

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,  
Where all life's idle throbbings cease  
And pain is lulled to rest!

No earthly clinging,  
No lingering gaze,  
No strife at parting,  
No sore amaze;  
But sweetly, gently,  
He passed away  
From the world's dim twilight  
To endless day.

'Tis slumber to the weary,  
'Tis rest to the forlorn,  
'Tis shelter to the dreary,  
'Tis peace amid the storm;  
'Tis the entrance to our home,  
'Tis the passage to that God  
Who bids his children come  
When their weary course is trod.

It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles  
the rod.

Bid her remember that the ways of Heaven,  
Though dark, are just; that oft some guardian power  
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent!  
But if high Heaven decrees our fall, oh bid her  
Firmly to await the stroke; prepared alike  
To live or die.

*Barbarossa.*

What is it that sometimes speaks to the soul so calmly, so clearly, that its earthly time is short? Is it the secret instinct of decaying nature, or the soul's impulsive throb as immortality draws on? Be what it may, it rested in the heart—a calm, sweet prophetic certainty that heaven was near—calm as the light of sunset, sweet as the bright stillness of autumn. There her little heart reposed, only troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly.

*Mrs. Stowe.*

Their names are always on gravestones, and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of *one who is not*? It is as if Heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye, when the soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children, hope not to retain that child; for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes.

*Mrs. Stowe.*

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

*Longfellow.*

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

*Byron.*

And desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

*Ecclesiastes.*











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